

A Report On
Janis Joplin:

The
Judy Garland
Of Rock?

ROLLING STONE

ACME

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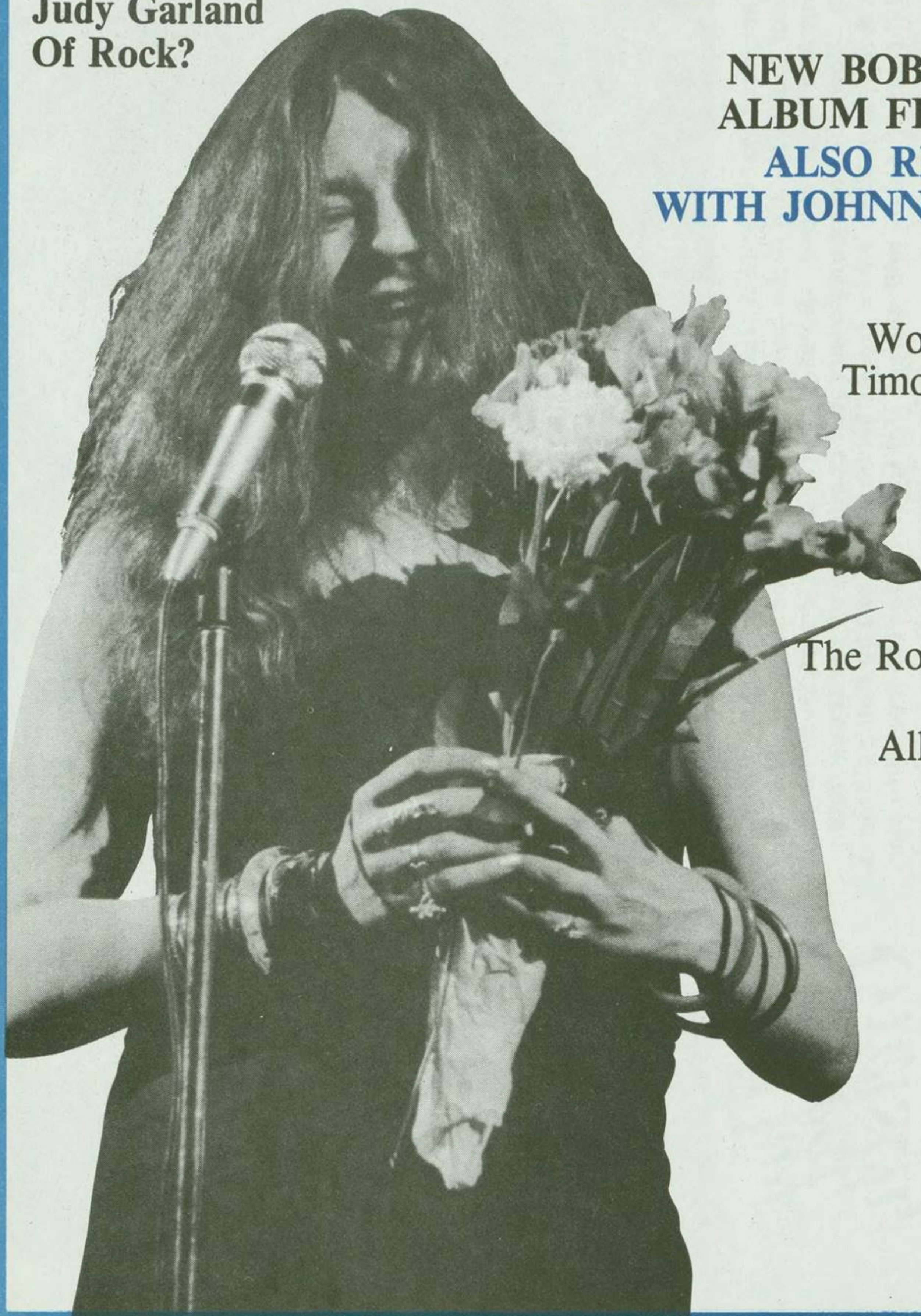
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NEW BOB DYLAN
ALBUM FINISHED:
ALSO RECORDS
WITH JOHNNY CASH

Words About
Timothy Leary

Sports:
The Roller Derby

All the News
That Fits





Come, take a dive with our sports editor, as he takes a look at Roller Derby, Page 18.

'I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE THEY COME FROM'

BY JANN WENNER

Bob Dylan has completed his next album and joined Johnny Cash for a duet or two. The recordings were done in the middle of February at the Columbia studios in Nashville, Tennessee, produced by Bob Johnston and using several of the same musicians who played on *John Wesley Harding*.

"They are the songs I've been writing over the past year," Dylan said in a telephone conversation from his home in upstate New York. "Some are songs that I've sung and never written down and just sort of turn up again."

"I can't remember where they come from. I was just sitting down trying to write some notes on where the songs came from and I couldn't figure it out myself."

The Dylan record — containing ten or eleven new songs — was done in three mid-February sessions at the Co-

lumbia Studios in the Country Music Capitol of the World. In the last nights of Dylan's stay in Nashville (February 17-18), Johnny Cash joined him and together they did about fifteen songs, one or two for possible use on the new album and the rest for a possible joint Cash-Dylan LP. Bob Johnston, who produced *Blonde on Blonde* and *John Wesley Harding* is also Cash's producer (did the *Folsom Prison* LP, among many of Cash's recent recordings) and helped bring the two performers together. It was also a natural outgrowth of the long-time friendship between the two singers.

"You don't produce Dylan or Cash," Johnston said, "they produce themselves." Johnston hopes to record about fifteen more Cash-Dylan duets and take the best of them for an album. In February, they did songs like "I Walk The Line," "Big River," "Careless Love,"

"One Too Many Mornings," and "Understand Your Man," among others.

Cash and Dylan simply went into the studio and jammed for a while, sang some of Bob's old songs, some of John's old songs, a song they wrote together, did some rehearsed material and now have about three hours of tape if they want to release it as an album.

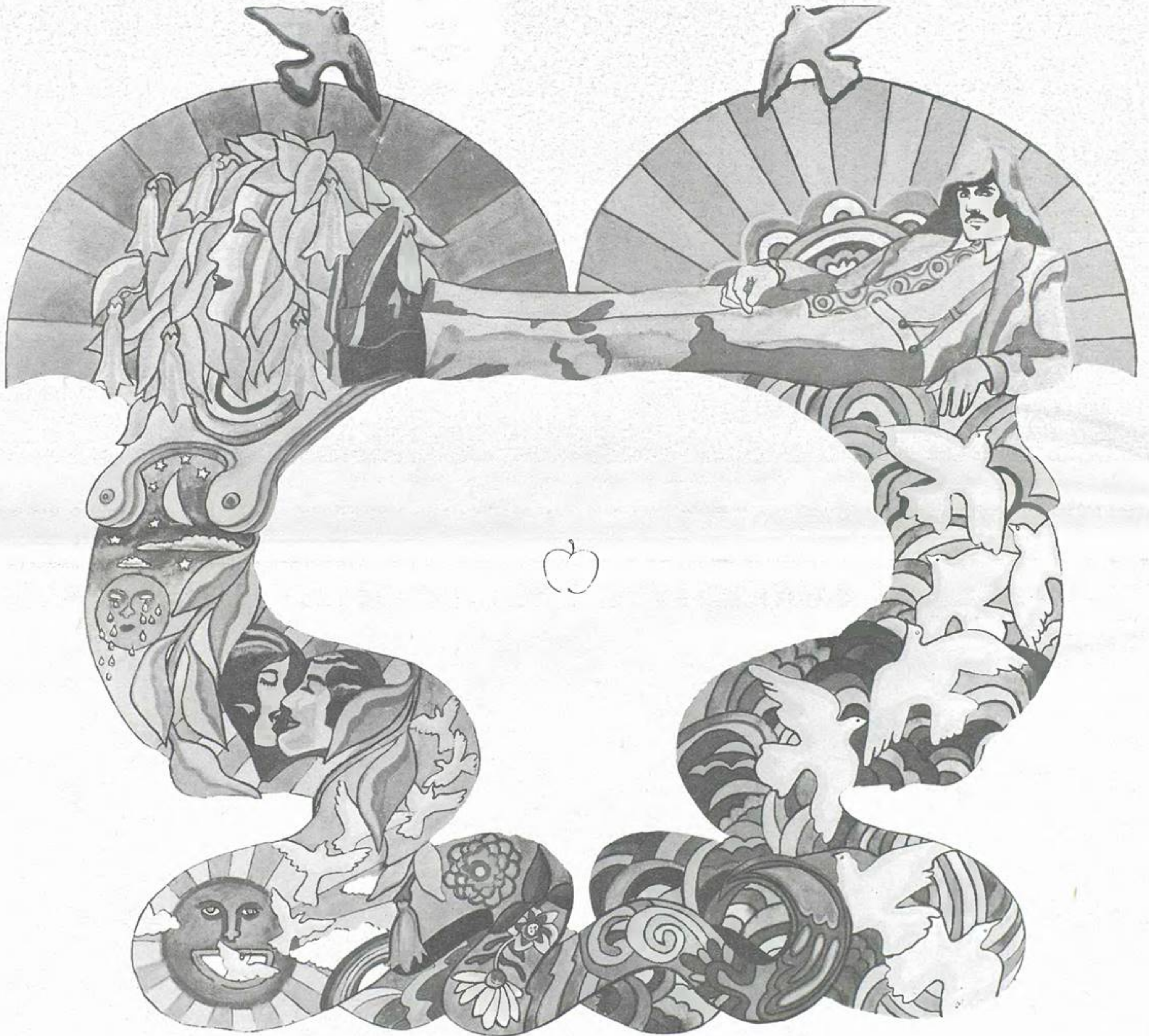
The new Dylan LP will probably be released before April 1, depending on how smoothly mixing, covers, liner notes and so on go. A Nashville photographer was used to take some shots and those are currently being considered for the cover. "I've done my part," Dylan said, "and I don't know any more about it."

Session men on the date included Kenny Buttrey on drums, Charlie McCoy on bass and Pete Drake on steel guitar, all of whom played on *John Wesley Harding*. Joining them were Norman Blake, a guitar teacher from Chattanooga

on rhythm guitar (and dobro on the "Understand Your Man" duet); Charlie Daniels, who played dobro, Fender electric guitar and acoustic gut-string guitar ("a fine song writer, you'll be hearing a lot about him"); and Bob Wilson, from Detroit and currently a Nashville sessionman, on piano ("you'll be hearing a lot about him too").

Some of the song titles are "I Threw It All Away," "One More Night," "Country Pie" ("Anything like 'Honey Pie'?" "No, wish it was") and "Tell Me That It Isn't True."

"I can't remember too much about how I wrote the new songs. It depends on where I am, what the weather is like and who is around at the time. The music is a little of everything. You'll know what it is when you hear it. I can't remember that much about it. The new songs are easy to sing and there aren't too many words to remember."



James Taylor



modern jazz quartet
Under The Jasmin Tree



EMMETT YEAZELL

From San Francisco CAMERA, a new magazine of photography

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

ROLLING STONE is a sophisticated newspaper, never to be confused with teeny-bopper magazines. Teeny-bopper magazines tell you who's going with who and who married who. ROLLING STONE tells you which groupie balled which star. Outtasite. I'm looking at the next issue before I buy it.

BRUCE BORGERSON
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Your great Groupie masterpiece brought a tear to my eye as well as fond memories. However, you have practically neglected the East Coast, especially New York. Having once been on the scene here briefly (quite a while back) I can remember such notables as Hope, Winona, Emmeretta, Renoir, Fonda, Darlene and Barbara Lewis, whose heroic deeds you have neglected to praise.

Please send some of your staff eastward for a bit of research, 'cause I and many others who have retired would be fascinated to know what is happening here now. What a trip.

ISIS
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Although it consumed nearly half of my day as I rode up to San Francisco last week with a friend, I nevertheless plodded on through the mire of your spread on Groupies. I'm sure that anyone connected with the commercial part of teenage music, the trade people, and also some of the more intellectual fans that adhere themselves to it, have been aware of the presence and implied situations that exist in the everyday touring agenda of pop groups, but nowhere before has it been set down in print to such a great extent; and I feel sure many people aren't aware of the tragic future (and present) that groupies are caught up in.

This in turn completely reflects upon the entire adolescent music market and concerts as one huge sex drive, and nothing else. It seems that the age bracket of 12 years to 25 years of age or older

can't enjoy a distinctive facet of their pastime without having it undermined by that overpowering, almost animal drive between man and woman that becomes so latent when a singer caresses his microphone, or a lead guitarist fondles the neck of his instrument.

The inevitable plight of today's groupies, then, and all those to come in the next decade or more, is the loss of any real future or productive lifetime, which tends to be very dominant in the youth of today anyway. As apparent as it should have been to me before, I can now see where celebrities find their major source of dope traffic, as well as one-night stands of true love with some gaudy little slut with a burnt-out mind and an intellect to match.

Makes one wonder if anyone connected with a market for young people can ever grow up. The added item (fact?) that more than 90% of all pop stars are heads of one form or another also might lead to a complete upheaval of the rock scene by an intellectual-minded public, but if the groupies remain extant I doubt it.

PAUL M. CORMANY
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

I want to cancel my subscription to that trashy garbage you call a magazine. I'd sooner lose the money than have that filth come into my home.

I have utter contempt for people of your ilk who demoralize them teenagers just to make a buck. Money earned that way can never bring you happiness. Since you don't have a conscience, it won't bother you.

MARION NICHOLAS
MORRIS HILLS, N.J.

SIRS:

I really dug the article on Groupies and women of rock! Like it's the first article since the passing of Beatlemania that gets into rock from the feminine point of view. One aspect of rock that is conspicuously absent from all male rock critics' reviews is the physical appearance of the musicians—all this talk

about Clapton's virtuosity and Hendrix's "energy" and you can almost forget that they're men too, with bodies. Sure, it's a reaction against the kind of articles that got written about five years ago when audiences were full of pre-pubescent screaming girls and to the mass media it seemed that was all there was to rock—long hair and groovy clothes.

Lately, because audiences are mostly male and nobody screams at the Fillmore, we all fooled ourselves into thinking that the musicians' physical appearance and sex differences in audience members didn't matter any more. And then you print this Groupie article, and what's groovy about it is that you let the chicks express themselves, and we find out that girls do look at the photos on album covers and the musicians' clothing, and they notice a guy's movements when he plays and how he handles himself on stage, and when the lead singer is singing, live or on record, it's not just voice quality or the sophistication of the lyrics they tune in on—it's the singing as an expression of the guy himself.

It's natural that the music and musicians arouse sexual energies in a girl, and from what Pogo tells us, it can arouse them also in guys . . . did you catch that line about Janis Joplin: "She got me so sexually aroused—the way Mick Jagger and Jim Morrison do, but without the guilt." It seems, from the way your writer avoided the homosexuality issue among male Groupies with a clumsy paragraph, that he too is hung up with guilt: "look around you at the next concert you attend at Fillmore West or East, sometimes fully 90% of the audience is male, and they aren't screaming either."

Screaming isn't the issue, and it isn't always homosexuality either. Is it homosexual for a guy to notice the musicians' physical appearance and get aroused by a male guitarist's playing? Is that the point of Janis Joplin's phenomenal popularity? Every time a blues band would play the Club 47 here guys would be

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS AND MORE ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3

on their feet shouting and cheering, turned on to the point of ecstasy and wild frenzy—is that homosexual? Man, they were identifying! They were grooving on male sexuality.

Rock critics need to stop avoiding the sex issue by escaping into too sterile intellectualistic music criticism—like let's put the sex back into Hendrix's "energy" and articles will be easier for both sexes (and also teenies) to relate to—right?

ALICE STEWART
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SIRS:

Trixie W*H*O*?/!!!!? \$\$ & ??
THE ANONYMOUS ARTISTS OF AMERICA



Trixie Merkin

SIRS:

My compliments on your issue dealing with groupies. It had been tried before (remember Cheetah?), but where others failed miserably, your articles were well-written, informative and entertaining, plus a contribution to sociology. You can't ask for much more.

You missed at least one batch of groupies, however: the writers and photographers who follow the bands. They (we?) may not offer what the girls do, but newsmen have always been known as whores of sorts.

GEOFFREY LINK
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

You can keep your free copy of the Groupies Issue—only thing I want to know is the name of America's other incredible magazine.

A.R.
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Just finished your treatise on Groupies—so did my wife, who is in psychology. It's a classic! We've discussed it with a number of friends also into this bag and they all agree. In addition, we've passed it on to Prof. George Geothals of Harvard, whose particular interest is contemporary adolescent psychology.

Let me strongly urge you to publish this as a paperback. Besides being popular, it could become a classic text. Congratulations for extremely perceptive, insightful and intelligent writing—and of course, Baron's photos are superb!

LEE TANNER
BOSTON

SIRS:

Is all this shit really necessary? I thought we'd all been through this trip. I mean I think you're really weird.

STAN MIKLOSE
FT. BRAGG, CALIF.

SIRS:

Your article on the Groupies was pretty accurate except for one minor point: When you mentioned male groupies you left out your very own editor, Jann Wenner, one of the most obvious male groupies I've ever met. He introduces himself as "Jann Wenner, you know, the editor of ROLLING STONE."

Any reasons why he was left out? It couldn't be mere oversight, could it?

HENRI NAPIER
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

These sad little girls' lives are a comment on the American Experience. They've bought the media-induced concept that women are commodities and Happiness is Being Used by the Consumer of Your Choice. (Or someone rather like). In a pitiful parody of American know-how they've found the quick! easy! sure! way to their goal. Sold on the lie of instant fulfillment, what should be the culmination of a relationship becomes the relationship.

Of course they're burnt out cases before they're 20. No good to themselves or anyone else. *This is tragic.* Frank Zappa, a mature man, is sick and/or evil to champion such human waste. And doesn't he have a baby girl himself? His endorsement truly shocked me.

DORIS WILKES
CHICAGO

SIRS:

While ROLLING STONE is always a groove, your February 15th issue is really out-a-sight with its coverage of the groupie scene.

However, when it comes to the Plaster Casters, I tend to agree with Steve Miller in his point of view. With rock music being such a sincere expression of the human soul, making plaster models and casts of the musicians' genitalia seems such a superficial trip bordering on the morbid and ghoulish. I noticed even Frank Zappa, their "advisor," said that it was not for him, personally.

I dig everyone's doing their thing; but if I were a rock star, I would rather be remembered, a few years hence, for my music and sincerity as a person, rather than by the appearance of my genitalia in some future display.

STEVE CAREY
OXNARD, CALIF.

SIRS:

After reading the 14 pages of trash on groupies I begin to wonder what ROLLING STONE is coming to.

I must admit that a few of the girls were pretty, but most of them are the most disgusting thing next to Frankenstein's bride, in fact I couldn't tell the difference between the two.

A few girls in your article defined a groupie as a girl who chases a rock star, but my definition after reading this article is that a groupie is an over-sexed, hardup prostitute, and in the case of the Plaster Casters, that's probably the only way they'll ever get their thrills.

IRWIN BEER
FAIRLAWN, N.J.

SIRS:

I don't think Cynthia and Dianne are aware of the immense commercial value of plaster casting. What if some plastic model airplane company were to buy the molds for the "rigs" the girls made? Plastic models of the phalluses could then be marketed to all the girls unfortunate enough not to have rock stars of their own to ball. And let us not overlook the kiddie market. Drinking straws could be inserted through the centers of these models, thereby giving all eight-year-old teeny-boppers turned down by Jerry Garcia valuable practice for their teen years.

At last, we will have revenge for all those "Visible Man" models with no genitals.

JEFF ZWIEG
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SIRS:

At first I thought the Plaster Casters were a put-on. Now I realize they're not. They're a put-in.

JIM TANKARD
STANFORD, CALIF.



Henri

SIRS:

The first time I read ROLLING STONE Mag I was appalled at your article on the Groupies. "Little Plastic Ringnosed Anna" is and never was a "Groupie" as your arousing article said. You missed the boat on that one. You have been put on, Sirs: Ask little Miss Anna how long she has been in California. Ask little Miss Anna what brand of Scotch she drinks.

Our trip is very groovy, our trip isn't to hustle the Stars.

"THE SILVER FLOWER"
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

A beautiful article on groupies. The far-out and heavy ego games must be played all the time, must be heavy. Anna (groupie who was hung up on sex) or Plastic Anna—grow—grow up. "Hung-up Anna"—"Ego Anna"—"The most hung-up chick in the article."

CLARK THOMAS
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

Loved your article on Groupie power. Since I am a groupie also please allow me to salute you on a fine and beautiful thing.

PS: I am sorry to say that a ring in the nose is a thorn in the back. Anna who?

ROSE SWEETLY
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

Anna must be a put on. I cannot believe anyone can really believe in what she says.

A YOUNG GIRL



Anna

SIRS:

Your article entitled "The Groupies" gives a one-sided, distorted impression of the sex life of a rock and roll musician. Like most chicks married or living with rock musicians, I was once a groupie myself. The reason I balled rock musicians was because they were the only cats that would lay me good and leave me alone. My old man says one of the reasons we are happily married is because I have been around musicians long enough to know the environment that he must work in and hip enough to understand the real relationship of groupie to musician.

Although it puts me uptight when my old man is out of town and maybe in bed with a groupie, I can dig the fact that he's horny and misses me. In these enlightened times it seems to me one should be able to separate physical gratification from true love and neither of us would demand the other to undergo anguish when separated by so many miles. Our only communication is by telephone and it's hard getting laid over the wire. If it weren't for the fact that we have a daughter to raise, I would be going on the road with him right now.

MRS. BARRY MELTON
BERKELEY

SIRS:

I found your ad for ROLLING STONE the most revolting one I've seen in many a year.

I am all for the beautiful people, not the up-chuck kind. I still wish you well, as we all have our place.

JEROME ZERBE
NEW YORK



Plaster Casters

SIRS:

Congratulations on your Groupie issue; it is a truly heavy sociological document and an example of superb reporting.

In that same issue however, one of your reviewers was kind enough to praise the new John Hammond LP, but saw fit to exhort us not to drop John's contract at option time. Please convey to him my assurances that we value John exceedingly and will be honored to have him adorn our roster for so long as he chooses to put up with us.

GERALD WEXLER
ATLANTIC RECORDING CORPORATION
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Your article is really fucked. ROLLING STONE has never before been guilty of

—Continued on Page 30

Two weeks later, and it still looks black for "The Album of the Year"

Two weeks ago, in this very space, we shoved it to you pretty good about Van Dyke Parks' album of the year that lost us \$35 thou. Apparently, not enough of you were paying attention, or are moved by our eloquence. Sales since haven't wiped out that \$35,509.50 loss. By a mile.

Apparently some of you don't believe things like:

"Not since Gershwin has someone so completely involved in the pop holocaust emerged with such a transcendent concept of what American music really means. *Song Cycle* is that album we have all been waiting for: an auspicious debut, a stunning work of pop art, a vital piece of Americana, and a damned good record to boot."

— Richard Goldstein in
The New York Times

You probably shouldn't believe reviews like that. Except when they happen over and over and over and over. To wit:

"I am suggesting not only that you buy this album, but that you listen, really listen to it."

— *The New York Element*

"...the most important art-rock product... a critical wowser that sold zilch copies."

— *The Los Angeles Free Press*

"No less than the total American experience."

— *Discoscene*

"I think you should own this record, and should invest some time listening to it... If there has been a more provocative, more intensely creative collection issued by any label in the past year — in "serious" music, pop, or jazz — I have not heard it."

— *American Record Guide*

"If it took seven months and the 78 persons named on the back cover to do all this, then it's been worth it."

— *Cheetah*

"Van Dyke Parks may come to be considered the Gertrude Stein of the new pop music... *Song Cycle* presents us with the work of a creative genius. Van Dyke Parks is there first. Listening to *Song Cycle* may not bring love but it most certainly will bring music liberation."

— *Rolling Stone*

"Very esoteric."

— *The Hollywood Reporter*

These raves, by the way, are all new raves, different from the dozen raves we quoted two issues ago. So you can see, we're not hurting for words.

Just for sales.

What we want, people, is some action. Some spreading of the good word. To assist you in this, we've come up with a deal.

For those of you who are already Parks fans and own the album of the year, we got a deal. You can get a second "Song Cycle" to pass on to a poor but open friend. Our Mr. Cornyn's come up with:

OUR ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME VAN DYKE PARKS 1¢ SALE

Your Mr. CORNYN
Warner Bros.-7 Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503

Dear Stan:

Yes! Send me two Van Dyke Parks albums to replace my worn one. I enclose my old album (WS 1727) and a penny. I promise to pass the second one on to a poor but open friend. Sincerely,

Not much of an offer?

Too hard to mail an album to Our Mr. Cornyn? Maybe so. We don't expect a flood of mail on this one. Look, we're already down for \$35 thou.

But, if you feel about Parks as we do, send in your old copy and a penny to Our Mr. Cornyn before April 1, 1969.

He'll get right back to you.



BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK—When Janis Joplin danced on stage in front of her new, as-yet-unnamed, six-piece band at the Fillmore East February 11 and 12, she seemed to have victory within her grasp. How could she miss? There had been a "sound test" for the band (as road manager John Cooke put it) in Rindge, New Hampshire, a "preview" in Boston—but this was Opening Night, the Big Debut, and the city's rockers had been busy working themselves into a lather for days. All four performances were sold out, and ticket scalpers roamed along Second Avenue offering paradise at prices that would have been out of line for a kilo of hash.

Tuesday's opening night crowd had more than a hint of uptown prosperity to it. Affluent reporters from Time, Life, Look, Newsweek, and other bastions of slick-paper supremacy laid claim to most of the complimentary tickets, while those hardy souls from the lower-echelon rock press either stood outside in the slush, their faces pressed against the glass, or somehow got past the door only to huddle together in the lobby and standing-room areas to look in vain for an empty seat. Mike Wallace and a CBS television crew were on hand documenting the building's events for a March 4 segment of *60 Minutes* to be called, with true media irony, "Carnegie Hall for Kids."

Through the balloon-filled air, the Grateful Dead, the "other half" of an all-San Francisco program, started to play "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl."

And play they did—one of those wonderful, comfortable, one-long-song sets that went uninterrupted for close to an hour and actually managed to neutralize much of the inherent tension by turning the concert into something not unlike a feeble in the park or a pleasant party at somebody's home.

The band played well—but, more important, gave New York audiences something of the idea of rock as a relaxed and relaxing way of life, not as a sporadic series of super-hypes for super-groups. There were no artificially induced high points or low points, no cream-in-your-jeans climax—instead, a steady stream of satisfying music which simply went on until it stopped.

WANTED



HIP COPS

BERKELEY—The Better Berkeley Council, a hip/radical coalition which aims to make this University of California town liveable for freaks and everybody, got an idea the other day: Getting hippies and radicals and freaks to sign on as cops this summer with the Berkeley (straight) Police Department.

Their handout flyer—a beautiful thing depicting an incredibly hairy young man grinning broadly from beneath a policeman's cap—declares boldly: WANTED: HIP COPS. Its text calls for "peacemen, not policemen" and says the Council wants applicants who "are sane, love children and other growing things, dislike use of force when gentleness will work, will defend justice for all, believe people should be free to live their own lives if they do not harm others, and value people for themselves, not for money or dress."

You've got to be between 20 and 29. Starting pay is \$782. The only hitch is that Berkeley requires all its cops be clean shaven. Giving rise to a brand new shaggy dog number! When is a pig not a pig? When's he got a beard.

JANIS: THE JUDY GARLAND OF ROCK AND ROLL?



Nonprofessional response to the buildup was interesting. One long-term Joplin fanatic, a young man named Ronnie Finkelstein, approached the Fillmore with ecstasy and hurried to his seat just as the Grateful Dead began their set. "I found them original and satisfying," he said. "I wanted Janis, though."

"I rushed back when Bill Graham—the dirty capitalist!—introduced my girl. The band futzed around for about five minutes, and then, with a short brass intro, Janis appeared out of nowhere. In a cape-gown sort of thing, she danced for a minute, then threw off the cape to reveal her famous shoulder-strap pants outfit. Was I excited!"

Another admirer put it even more succinctly. Fifteen-year-old Kenny Bengston claimed he "had a hard-on since four o'clock this afternoon waiting for this."

This consisted of an incredibly nervous Janis Joplin—hair flying, long fingers showing white clenching a hand mike—in front of her new group: Sam Andrew from Big Brother and the Holding Company, lead guitar; Terry Clements, sax; Richard Kermode, organ; Roy Markowitz, drums; Terry Hensley, trumpet; and a temporary bass player, Keith Cherry (ex-Pauper Brad Campbell is expected to come down from Canada to join the band as a permanent member as soon as he can get a work permit).

The first song made a number of things both painfully and delightfully clear. The potential to become a genuinely great rock singer is still there, but so are the infamous and disheartening Joplin tendencies toward vocal overkill. Indeed, Janis doesn't so much sing a song as to strangle it to death right in front of you. It's an exciting, albeit grisly, event to behold. But it would seem to belong more to the realm of carnival exhibition than musical performance.

Kenneth Tynan once wrote of Richard Burton: "Without flow or pattern, he jerked from strangled sobs to harsh, intolerant roars, lacking a middle register for contemplation. It was all stubbornly conscientious, rising to something like grandeur in moments of decision, but I couldn't help noting that absence of . . . the essential." The same words might almost apply to Joplin: her glory is that she doesn't lack even the essential; her tragedy is that, as yet, she has been unable to use it.

On the first number, the band made all local stops, while Janis was an express. The singing and playing simply failed to mesh, Joplin constantly projecting and the group continually receding. Between verses, the vocalist as dancer seemed more a constrained Radio City Rockette than a free-form blues singer. Every movement was stiff and preordained.

The applause was respectful. People seemed to be biding their time, waiting for the big explosion. Janis and the band plowed into the second song, a Nick Gravenites composition, and made it sound a smudged carbon copy of the first. Any sense of pace was forgotten. The audience began to pall. Joplin reached for her bottle of booze, a trademark which had been placed proudly on top of an amplifier with all of the deliberate care inherent in

the planting of a religious symbol.

Things started to go better. "Maybe," an old Chantells' signature tune from the late Fifties, was good and hard, and "Summertime," born of *Cheap Thrills* but now instrumentally processed through Ars Nova and Blood, Sweat and Tears, brought with it flowers, affection, a watermelon rasp, some sneaky CBS cameramen, and a more appreciative response from admirers. Janis swayed a bit, rubbed her head fetchingly, and hitched up her pants with a jump.

Robin and Barry Gibb's "To Love Somebody" was rendered needlessly grotesque as Joplin ran through her rapidly depleting bagful of mannerisms in a desperate attempt to inject even more meaningfulness into the song by almost literally wiping up the floor with it. Then, a fast one, written by the group, which Janis said she wanted to call "Jazz for the Jack-offs." Again, the local-express syndrome, with a real credibility gap developing between star and support.

Came the highlight of the new act: Joplin's moving and only slightly overripe singing of a beautiful new Nick Gravenites song, "Work Me, Lord." Em-

what I'm doing, but I just wish the band would push as hard as I am. Hey, I'm the lead, you know—but they're hanging back way too far for me."

It all takes time, she knows. Janis wants to sing and she wants other people in the band to sing, too. You get a bunch of musicians together so everybody can contribute to the final product, make it something larger than the sum. "Trouble is, we haven't really had a chance to get into each other yet."

It's going to get better. She's sure it's going to get better. Like maybe she'll add a new cat next week—"great big ugly spade cat." He blows baritone and drums just like Buddy Miles. "He's really heavy. I really need somebody to push, you know. There's really not enough push in the band yet."

The band's got an even dozen songs together now. Not enough repertoire yet. But Nick Gravenites has been a big help. "Isn't his 'Work Me Lord' beautiful? Oh, man—whew! Man, I love that guy. His songs really say something."

Clive (Davis, president of Columbia Records) isn't hassling her to record right away, and it's just as well, Janis



pathy and art formed a strong partnership at this point, and passion, throughout the evening so misused and purposeless, finally found a home in spiritual rock.

It is difficult to imagine a Bob Dylan or a John Lennon peppering an interview with constant nervous interjections of "Hey, I've never sung so great. Don't you think I'm singing better? Well, Jesus fucking Christ, I'm really better, believe me." But Janis seems that rare kind of personality who lacks the essential self-protective distancing that a singer of her fame and stature would appear to need.

One gets the alarming feeling that Joplin's whole world is precariously balanced on what happens to her musically—that the necessary degree of honest cynicism needed to survive an all-media assault may be buried too far under an immensely likeable but tremendously underconfident naivete.

She knows the band isn't together yet. Haven't worked together long enough—"Hey, it takes longer than a couple of weeks to get loose, to be really tight, to push. But conceptually I like it, and I think I'm singing better than I ever, ever did." This is what Janis Joplin wants, this band, these songs, all of it. "I mean, I really dig

says. She doesn't understand people recording before they've had a chance to work at it. "Hey, I want to play a little more, I want to gig a little bit so that the tunes get together before I make a record."

Janis exudes several things at once: that the act is going fine right now; that it's not so fine; that it's going to get better; that, despite herself, there's the terror that it might not, unless something happens.

She's looking for a cat to be musical director, knows she doesn't know enough to do it herself. Somebody to pull it all together. Like Michael Bloomfield. Everybody's doing arrangements now and . . . it isn't working. Maybe that will have to come first before a new name for the group can be chosen. "I want a name that implies a band but has the person's name in it, right? Like the Buddy Miles Express. That has an identity to it. We were thinking," she laughs, "of Janis and the Joplinaires—ha!" Except that isn't what the band is. What is the band? Too soon to say.

"Well, people say that I'm singing great, man. The whole San Francisco scene, which I was afraid might be a little pissed at me for officially disclaiming the familial San Francisco rock

—Continued on Page 8

Brian Stiddle never played a Sunn amp before

Why did he start?



Because he didn't have the bread before (or so he thought). But, he had always wanted the quality, superb craftsmanship, and rugged durability that's built into every Sunn amp. Finally he could stand it no longer! His old amp just didn't have it. So, he tried a fantastic new Orion. And not only did Brian discover he had the bread, he also discovered the grandest sound he had ever experienced.

**Can you afford not to
play Sunn?**

sunn

Janis's Opening

—Continued from Page 6

thing, has been fine. Jerry Garcia [of the Grateful Dead] told me that I made him cry. The Dead have been so good to me, man. They're so warm and everything. I really needed that because of the pressure—I've been really scared because this is important to me.

"The kids—well, they're missing the familiar tunes. You know how audiences are. And I really want to do the new songs. I don't want to have to get up there and sing 'Down on Me' when I'm eighty years old. The reason I did this was so that I could keep on moving. Once I get the new tunes on a record, then the kids won't mind."

It will all be better then.

Doing the 60 Minutes segment had been really funny. Janis said she just laughed all the time at the media and the Big Build-Up she had gotten. It was too much to take seriously. "It's surreal. It's got nothing to do with me, really. I'm beginning to be able to cope with it. I don't believe it, you know—I mean, you can't." One thing you've got to be sure about, she thinks, is that you don't start believing you are worth all that attention. Janis laughed.

So the CBS 60 Minutes crew had come the first night, set up with the band, and Janis—"I was really goofed at the time," she explains—told Mike Wallace: "Listen, man, if I start saying something you don't like, just scream 'Fuck' because they'll have to take it out of the TV thing." If he asked a dumb question she'd do the same.

There sat Mike Wallace, cool and urbane, asking Janis Joplin something like, "Can a white man sing the blues?" "I just looked at the camera and said, 'Fuck.' I did the interview, but I don't

remember it, being stoned."

Janis Joplin and her group played their first official gig at the Second Annual Stax/Volt Yuletide Thing in Memphis on December 21. Since then, the band's personnel has changed somewhat because one musician, Bill King, was drafted (the FBI took him away) and another, Mark Doubleday, decided he didn't want to go on the road.

Before the February 11 and 12 concerts at the Fillmore East, the group played in Rindge, New Hampshire, February 8 and at the Boston Music Hall February 9. Road manager John Cooke refers to the Rindge date as a "sound test," Boston as a "preview," and Fillmore East as "opening night." The band will tour the East for a month, rehearsing weekdays, gigging weekends, then back to San Francisco for a couple of weeks, then to Europe for a month—possibly to do a show in London with the Hell's Angels.

Janis had thought the Fillmore East "opening" had gone well—"I'm really doing good," she thought—but the audience reaction had been decidedly mixed.

Kenny Bengston, who'd kept that hard-on all that while, thought Janis was the greatest thing he'd ever seen, and didn't want to say any more than that. But Ronnie Finkelstein liked her better with Big Brother. Ronnie thought she was flaunting her sexuality and that altogether it was a vulgar display. "Her thing now is showboating. Her dancing was a drag. Everything sounded like a big put-on." An ex-worshiper, art director Gene Mallard, felt that success most definitely had spoiled Janis Joplin. This new thing was a brassy burlesque show—the old hypnoticism was gone—there was an air of boredom. "Miss Supperstar and her group," said Mallard, "are just another put-together plasticized show."



It's Tomorrow already: (left to right) Karl Chambers, Olivia Newton-John, Vic Cooper and (center) Ben Thomas, all of whom appear to have just gotten their teeth capped.

James Bond + Monkees = Tomorrow

NEW YORK—Amidst the greatest barrage of promotional bullshit in many years, Don Kirshner, creator of the Monkees and the Archies, and Harry Saltzman, co-producer of the movie adventures of James Bond, presented their first collective brainchild—a four-member "multi-media" rock band called Tomorrow—at a recent press party in Rockefeller Center's plush Rainbow Grill.

The clichés were as plentiful and expensive as the hors d'oeuvres. Should Tomorrow ever come, the complete package would eventually include three "musical adventure" films for United Artists, a series of records on the Calendar label to be distributed by RCA Victor, numerous TV appearances, and the usual Licensing Corporation of America plastic-product tie-ins.

Olivia Newton-John, Karl Chambers, Vic Cooper, and Ben Thomas are the computerized results of a "six-month world-wide talent hunt." Kirshner, who is called "the man with the golden ear" and actually seems to be like the title, refers to Tomorrow as "a smorgasbord . . . the best-looking total group that ever existed." Naturally the four have yet to make so much as a single note of music together.

Press releases for Tomorrow reveal the kind of mentality behind the project, which was undertaken, according to Kirshner, only because "the Beatles had become big business, leaving behind their image as exciting, real people," and because "the world of pop was facing a tedious and vacuous future."

The Golden Ear called Newton-John "the Julie Andrews of the future, the girl next door . . . only groovier" while hoping that Thomas "will generate the same kind of excitement as James Dean." The Georgia-born singer-guitarist is also described as "what you might get if you crossed Paul McCartney with Gary Cooper."

Chambers, a former drummer for Gladys Knight and the Pips, frankly admits that "they pictured me a combination of Bill Cosby and Sidney Poitier." Cooper, who once played piano and organ for Tom Jones, was apparently chosen because he is English, handsome, funny, and can do imitations of the Jameses, Cagney and Stewart.

Saltzman says that the group was created "to fill a void for the 14 to 30 year olds." Kirshner modestly claims that Tomorrow "can be the biggest thing in the history of the business."

It seems premature to offer any sort of definitive judgment on Janis and her new band just yet. All of the talent—who has more?—and potential are still there, but the decision can go either way. If the Fillmore East opening wasn't a success, neither was it any sort of a disaster.

As Joplin herself says, "I'm just doing the best I can." One wishes nothing but good things for her. It would be tragic if she were allowed to become the Judy Garland of rock.

LONG, COLD SPRING

KMPX & KSAN

Fire Three Jocks

SAN FRANCISCO—The tempestuous career of San Francisco's pioneer underground radio took another turn in early February when KMPX and KSAN between them fired three disc jockeys. It had been less than a year since the world's first hippie strike led the KMPX disc jockeys to a new home at KSAN, but there will be no sympathy walkout.

The situation is more complicated than a year ago because of the recent sale of both stations. KSAN, along with the entire Metromedia network, was recently purchased by Transamerica Corporation, a giant holding company which also owns, some other things, Liberty Records. The new owner in KMPX's case is the National Science Network—which provides that Muzak you hear in doctors' and dentists' offices. A KMPX official said no format change was envisioned for at least a year.

The first to be fired were Gus Gossert and Bob O'Leary of KMPX. They were given back pay on February 4th and sacked, in classic radio tradition, just before airtime, to forestall any sounding-off on the air. They were immediately replaced. Four full-time disc jockeys at KMPX now are, by a bizarre twist, scab jocks who worked at KMPX during last year's strike.

The official reason for the firings was the need for a "cutback in personnel" in light of the sale of the station. Both Gossert and O'Leary had quarreled with Station Manager Ron Hunt (now himself no longer employed by KMPX) over politically controversial material and the playing of satirical records, and believe this to be the reason.

"We got a bulletin the day after the San Francisco State College strike began," says O'Leary, "announcing that there was to be no mention of the strike or the bail fund. So that night I had a representative of the strikers on the show and interviewed him. The night before I was canned I played the whole new Lenny Bruce album, which contains as it happens, nothing stronger than the word 'bullshit.' My firing came as no surprise."

"Speaking in business terms," says Gossert, "our firings were insane—Bob and I were drawing better ratings than KSAN. But we were up against a combination of business incompetence, extreme paranoia and lack of understanding of the underground audience." Gossert says he and O'Leary were alone among the regular disc jockeys in opposing the establishment of playlists, such as Top 10, Top 40 or Top 100 stations use.

Edward Bear was sacked from KSAN on February 11th, just a week after the KMPX firings. "The reason given me," says Bear, "is that I ran two ads simultaneously. That did happen, it was an accident, but make-good time had already been arranged. I believe I was fired because I was the least resilient to absorption by the establishment."

The trouble, as Bear sees it, is that the disc jockeys work for their audience, and the station works for its advertisers. "Everything that could be done to tame down our image had been done—an order went out very early against any visual publicity for us, because most of us look outrageous, and the station was afraid the advertisers wouldn't look at the ratings, they'd just see moustaches and long hair."

"Once I asked the listeners to write in and tell the station that they liked the news presentation and wanted to see it kept up. The station manager called me at two in the morning to chew me out for suggesting there was any distinction between the management and the talent at KSAN. His actual words were something like, 'I hear you've been suggesting that we're apples and oranges. We're not. We're all apples here.'"

The day after Bear's firing a memo was circulated at KSAN which said: "We have had several instances of airmen knocking commercials or otherwise not operating as believable salesmen. That's our business, gentlemen. . . . If you have something against an ad, see the salesmen or me, but don't use my microphone to shaft the account. I have a quick remedy."

"We may all be apples," says Bear, "but some of us apples own the mikes."

Station Manager Vernon Paulsen explains the memo by the necessity for uniform policy. "Every personality exercises his expertise to do his own thing," he says, "but you can't sound like seven different radio stations."

A staff meeting was held after the firing but no action has been taken in support of Bear. The present situation at KSAN, which is owned by a mammoth corporation, is far less propitious for a strike than the position the KMPX staff found themselves in last year.

Reliable sources inform that it is the Season of the Witch. Within a week after the KSAN firing a former KMPX'er left KSJO, San Jose, when the original program director was fired and replaced by a man straight out of Top 40 radio. Three other disc jockeys walked out in solidarity. Around the same time Bill Drake fired a disc jockey at KFRC, his local station.

It looks like a long, cold springtime around the Bay.

Melanie's Got A Last Name

SAN FRANCISCO—This is Melanie. If you're a Melanie freak, you've already grown to know and love the profile picture on her album, but get used to this frontal number. It's the one she likes. You will also have to get used to the fact that in real life Melanie possesses a



last name (though, in the childhood of her songs, nobody does). Melanie Safka.

Soon to be designated "The Girl of '69" (no slur intended) in a two-page London Times color spread, Melanie stands at the start of Something Real Big, according to her manager, Stan Poses.

He mentioned that when she was recently in Paris, there were signs reading WELCOME MELANIE every few feet, but didn't say how they got there.

More spectacularly: She is doing hour-long color TV specials on her coming trip to Europe in Holland, Italy, England, France and Germany; and she turned down a gig with French pop star Gilbert Becault (one of Europe's most popular) because her name would have appeared third on the bill—until Mary Hopkins withdrew, ill. (Advance sales for the Becault concert have already reached 250,000).

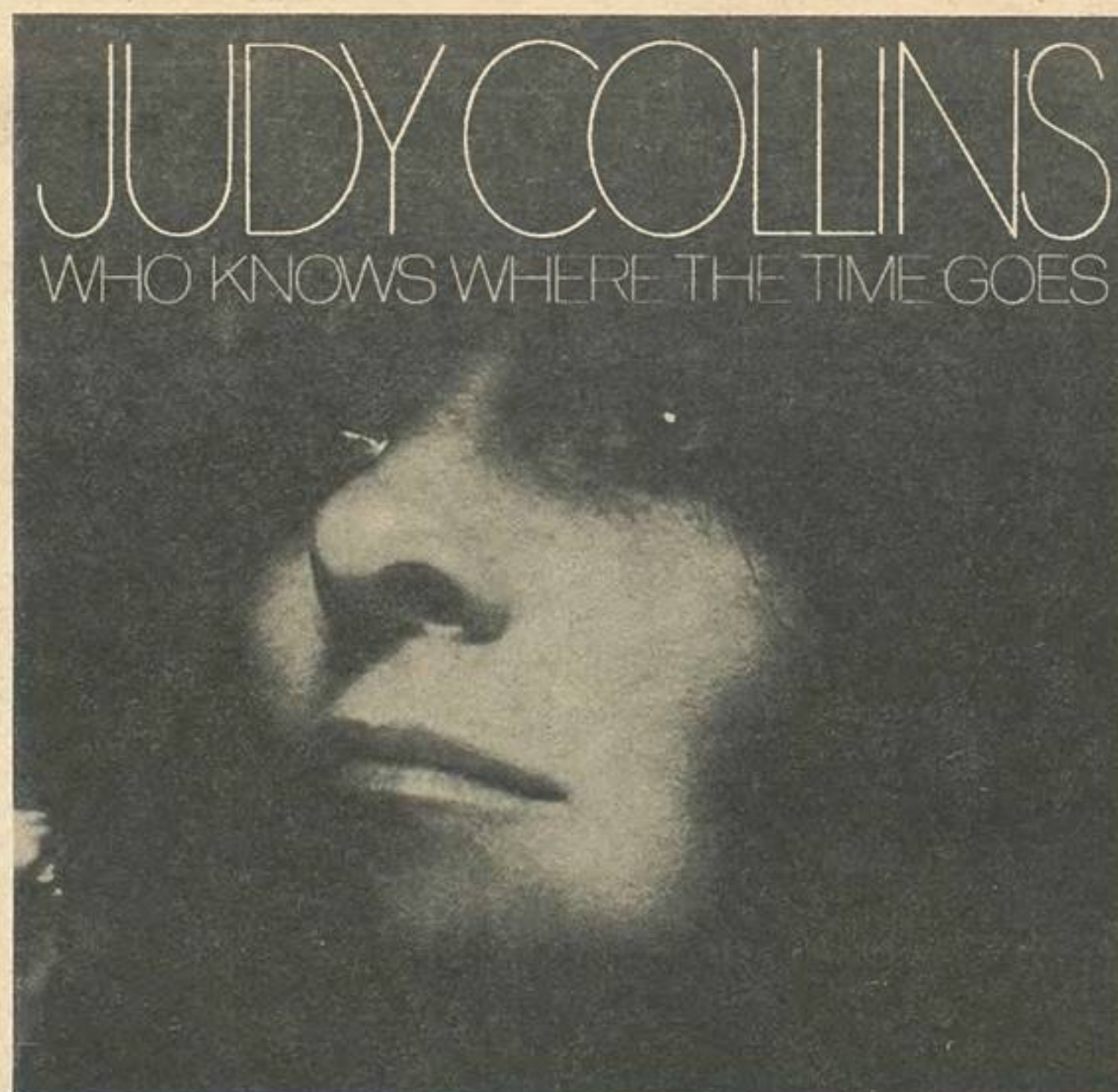
Needless to say, Barbra Streisand's agents "flipped out" over her pre-pubescent material and itty bitty voice, and say they only wish they'd gotten there first.

EYE Trouble Plagues Hearst

NEW YORK—Eye Magazine, the Hearst Corporation's nod to the "new youth," will be undergoing major changes and shifts in policy, characterized by its moving the editorial offices out of Greenwich Village into a "more suitable" uptown office building. Already constrained from doing any "significant journalism," the remainder of the decimated staff of Eye Magazine (now a year old) has announced they are departing either in little groups or en

—Continued on Page 10

J.C. SAVES!



A memory here.
A relationship there.

Judy's saved them up
and put them down
into one misty,
mystic treasure chest
of recollection.



EKS-74033
PRODUCED BY DAVID ANDERLE

Random Notes

The Beatles album, currently being filmed and recorded at Twickenham studios in London, will be the model of simplicity. So far it amounts to primarily acoustic instruments with only an occasional electric bass or electric guitar thrown in. The sound and the situation of these new songs will be like the Beatles sitting around in a circle, all playing guitars and singing with each other. A campfire scene.

Similarly, Graham Nash says that the Crosby-Nash-Stills combination has changed its mind about an album done with side men, and will be just the three of them, each writing three songs, for a total of nine tracks on the album. One of the tunes Nash has written is titled "The Marrakesh Express."

The Scene in New York City is no place to be these days, unless you are really looking for kicks. The Steve Paul club, located right off of Broadway in the heart of the dirty book district, has been the location of some pretty violent takes lately—customers getting beaten, black eyes, bloody noses and so on. It seems that a group of the local Brooklyn toughs have moved in for a stay and are "managing" the side activities of the club in the absence of a swift kick out the back door from some one in charge. Several fairly well known New York scenemakers have been bloodied and beaten there in recent weeks while doing such mild-mannered things as trying to get back snatched purses, get their coats from hatcheck girls without leaving \$2.00 tips and so on.

The toughs are nothing new and they have haunted a lot of New York clubs, reportedly even forcing some out of business. But others have braved their way through it. Meanwhile, unless Steve Paul takes some action, he'll soon lose his patrons as well as his manager.

It can even be rugged in San Francisco, as jazz guitarist Gabor Szabo found the other night at 3 a.m., walking home from his gig at the Matador in North Beach. Three cats hit on him for all his money—really hit on him. One of them knocked him down. Another plunged a knife into his ribs. Fortunately the blade stopped at a rib. But this did not end the ordeal. After they'd taken about \$60, the third levelled a pistol at Szabo and said he was going to kill him. Only when Szabo told his story (Hungarian freedom fighter, musician, father of two) did the gunman relent. Battered but unbowed, Szabo showed up to play the next night, and introduced himself as a San Francisco freedom fighter.

Our very own Richard Brautigan has just finished six days of recording for Apple's spoken word series and is editing it now. A number of poets are contributing to the new economy-priced line. Brautigan's LP, to be released later this year, will consist of a representative range of his poetry and fiction, but will not take the form of a straight reading "We're doing a couple of things with it," he says.

Signings, Sessions and Goings On . . . Tim Buckley's playing the starring role of Fender Guitar, an American Indian, in the movie *Wild Orange*, which begins production the first of May. . . . Jerry Yester and Zal Yanovsky, both ex-Lovin' Spoonful, have signed a non-exclusive production contract with Bizarre Records, Frank Zappa's new hustle. Bizarre's slogan is, "Just what the world needs — another record company," which is right on. . . . Bizarre is doing the Record Company thing, signing a lot of people, but mainly bizarre people like Captain Beefheart, the GTO's and Alice Cooper (who is a gentleman). . . .

Rod Stewart, lead singer with Jeff Beck, is not among them, though. He just worked out an exclusive contract with Mercury. . . . The Bonzo Dog Band (formerly the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band) will depart England for a six-week American tour in mid-May. You might remember them as having done the knockout Elvis strip number toward the end of *Magical Mystery Tour*. BDB is lined up for the holy trinity of American

TV (Sullivan, Smothers, Rowan & Martin) and could end up bigger than Jesus. . . . The Rock-Jazz Fusion (that's the way critics often speak of it) may be a lot of horseshit, but the fact is that a lot of jazz players and a lot of rock players are doing it together. British guitarist Johnny McLaughlin is cutting an album in New York with Tony Williams, Miles Davis' drummer. McLaughlin is featured on the still-unreleased new Jack Bruce LP and is rapidly becoming (among musicians) a legend in his own time. . . .

Zoot Money, an Animal until the Animals split, is doing his first solo LP, all his own material, produced by another former Animal, Vic Briggs. . . . Georgie Fame is being recorded in London by Bob Johnson, Dylan's producer. . . . Eric Clapton is in the running (his competition is King Gustaf of Sweden) for Honorary President of the University of London. Martin Luther King once was granted the honor, and Clapton is thrilled, awed, willing, and, in his own words, "honored, pleased and delighted."

Message from a Linda Eastman postcard: "You better believe it." Believe what? The postcard follows rumors reported in the London pop papers and on the wire services that a marriage is near between herself and Paul McCartney. Couldn't happen to a nicer girl and a nicer photographer.

Bill Graham will shortly be announcing the formation of his own record label, based in San Francisco, probably called Fillmore Records. The announcement awaits the final settlement of distribution deals (most likely with Columbia and Atlantic Records). So far, a Bay Area studio has been picked for lease use, a producer from New York has been hired as well as an engineer. Plans for groups and musicians have been made and it looks like the big time. Full details in the next issue.

Cerebrum, the N. Y. neo-nightclub for the mind and senses is expanding to other cities, backed by a two-million dollar angel who hopes to turn the whole thing into a series of Cerebrums located at colleges and cities all over the United States. It could easily be successful, as the New York operation is booming and the concept is obviously the entertainment-leisure idea of the future. Currently, Cerebrum is a set of large rooms located on Broome Street, in a run-down building and neighborhood. You enter, doff your clothes (all or just a few, as you prefer) for a white sheet and then wander into a mattress covered room with music and headphones and do whatever you like for as long as you like (for as long as you pay). When dope is legalized, there will be a Cerebrum located at every corner you now see a bar.

Every week's report from London gives a new line-up for the future recording arrangements of Eric Clapton. The final word (as of the first week in February) is that Ginger Baker will join the as-yet unnamed musical partnership of Clapton and Steve Winwood. Or, if you prefer, Cream is re-forming with the addition of Winwood and the subtraction of Jack Bruce—though, so far, Clapton denies all. Recording has been delayed because of the lack of a bassist (the only definite thing is that Jack Bruce will not play with the group) and the shortage of eight-track recording studio time, according to reports. Rumors that Clapton has been negotiating with both Slim Stewart and Charlie Mingus to fill the bass seat are, as yet, without foundation.

Perhaps the ultimate in super groups will be seen on the Rolling Stones' "Rock 'n' Roll Circus" TV special. Under the cumulative band designation A. N. OTHER, a clutch of reasonably well-known Englishmen will do "Yer Blues." They are: John Lennon, Eric Clapton, and Keith Richards. Odious, really, the idea of super groups; it smacks of Hitler. Maybe A. N. OTHER will spell the death of the phrase.

EYE Trouble

—Continued from Page 8

masse—about 75 per cent are leaving—following a long editorial meeting between them and Cosmopolitan Magazine's editor Helen Gurley Brown. Miss Brown, famed for her raunchy and declassé approach to women's mags, is moving in to take tighter control of Eye.

To the outward eye, there will be little change at all. From the beginning they have been lame and tame in their approach, using generally second rate material and ideas and photography, reprinting articles and so on. Whatever the editorial drawbacks of the magazine, the uninspiring and bland content did little for advertising sales, which consisted primarily of cosmetic companies (Revlon, Ponds) and record companies (in return for which, Eye would do large editorial features on the artists advertised).

Here are some notes taken on Miss Brown's fateful meeting with the Eye Staff, primarily her comments on a variety of matters. They come from Xeroxed notes titled "The Meeting," and have been passing the rounds of the young publishing literati in New York City. "When girls march, [in demonstrations and picket lines] I know they dress up and look pretty to do it. . . . Maybe we can't be an intellectual magazine, because we don't have enough money to pay for intellectual articles; if we decided who the reader is, he would probably not live in the Village. . . . Too much space was given to the Steve McQueen pictures. We can't afford it. We could have used the extra page for a story, say on acne. . . ."

Helen Gurley Brown's main feeling was that Eye had been a failure ("Take my word for it, it's been a lousy book.") Unfortunately it had never been hip or oriented towards the "new youth" in an honest or meaningful way. Now that approach is being forsaken altogether. According to the Xerox notes, Miss Brown's remarks on "The Solution": "Talent has nothing to do with it."

Meher Baba Dies; Silent 43 Years

MEHERAZAD, INDIA—Meher Baba, to his devotees the *avatar* or divine incarnation of this age, died shortly after noon January 31. The owner of the familiar benign face on the little cards of anti-drug advice handed out at Be-Ins was 74.

Meher Baba was known, apart from his public stand on drugs, for the verbal silence he had kept for 43 years. He



communicated with his intimate disciples, known as *mandali*, by means of a special sign language, sometimes supplementing this with the use of an alphabet board. His reason for silence was the inattention of humanity to God's message in the past.

Born Merwan Sheriar Irani, of Zoroastrian parents in Poona, India, he was enlightened at the age of 19 by a kiss on the forehead by a woman saint and thenceforth eschewed adherence to any single religious organization. He once said, "I have come not to establish anything new — I have come to put life into the old." He counseled cheerfulness and love of God as the way of spiritual progress.

On occasion, Meher Baba gave "darshan," or his presence, to his followers at large gatherings. One scheduled for the beginning of April was expected to be the last at which he would keep silence, culminating a solitary three-year

spiritual labor for humanity. Baba's "dropping of the body" at this time is interpreted by his followers as the beginning of a "period of humiliation" after which he will manifest himself.

Though he had been collecting followers for years, it was not until 1953 that he publicly declared himself to be an *avatar*, with the words, "I am the Highest of the High."

In recent years Meher Baba had found a very vocal adherent in Alan Cohen, an early associate of Timothy Leary and one-time resident of Leary's psychedelic commune in Millbrook, N.Y. Cohen, now disenchanted with drugs and turned on to Meher Baba, has been lecturing on Meher Baba all over the country, particularly at Be-In times.

Gabby Hayes Is Dead at 83

HOLLYWOOD—One of the great old men of movie Westerns—fully the equal, in his way, of Roy and Gene and Hoppy—is dead at 83 of a heart ailment. Gabby Hayes (his real name was George, but who ever knew that?) elevated each of the 174 movies he appeared in with his portrayal of the grizzled, hardbitten old-timer.

With his longish hair and full beard, Hayes presented a cantankerous sort of pre-hippie grandfather figure—and accordingly he was even something of a pacifist, on the screen at any rate. When the injuns attacked from the East, Gabby was always the first to urge Hoppy to head West.

Though he was born in Wellesville, New York, and appeared in vaudeville as a song and dance man for several years, he always seemed a genuine Western buckaroo. Especially when a tenderfoot would express incredulity at one of Hayes' tall tales. Hayes would defiantly squinch up his features, summon himself full height and pronounce:

"Yer du-u-urn tootin'."

He had been in semi-retirement here for 15 years, appearing occasionally at state fairs, spending most of his time fishing, hunting and travelling.

DOPE BUSTS

Lloyd and Cotton, Heat Take Fall

LOS ANGELES—Charles Lloyd and James Cotton were among 35 people arrested at a dance and concert here last week, after police reported finding a burning marijuana cigaret and a bennie in the musicians' dressing room.

They were booked on a charge of being present where marijuana is being smoked, a misdemeanor rap that is sometimes used to cover all bases—and literally includes even the arresting officers. Lloyd and Cotton were released on bail and later cleared when police dropped all charges.

The arrests were made at the Shrine Exposition Hall during a concert promoted by Scenic Sound, an organization owned in part by the Doors, and came after the dope problem had become just that, a problem. In increasing amounts, pot was being smoked in the open at the Shrine concerts and it was generally felt that it was merely a matter of time before the heat moved in.

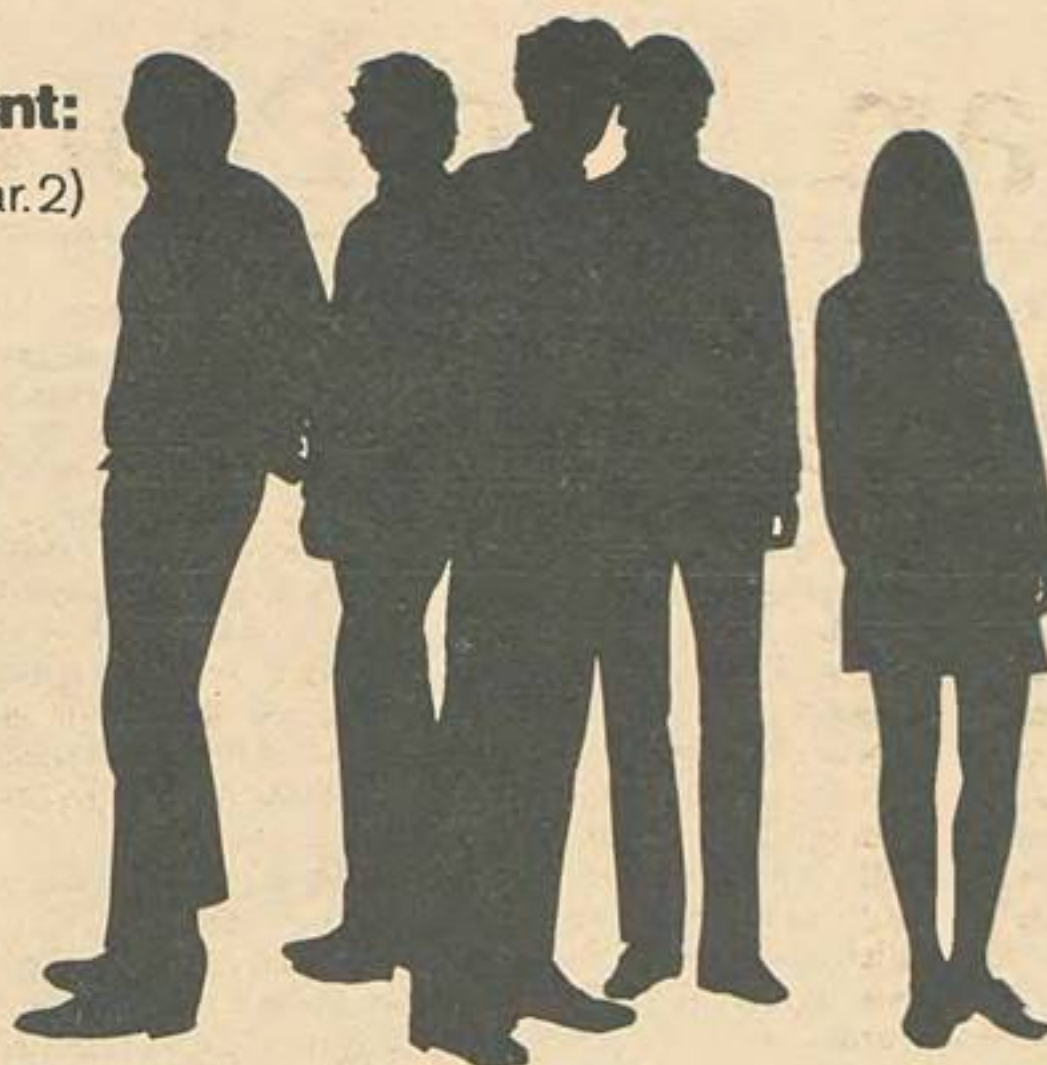
Bob Gibson, a spokesman for Scenic Sound, said, in fact, that he did not feel the police were out to close the concert or harass the youthful customers. "They have been unusually tolerant until Friday night (February 7)," he said. "Dancers have been terribly uncool about lighting up joints right in the midst of dozens of plainclothesmen, and no one ever jumped on us before. But they could only let such uncool flaunting go on so long before they had to crack down. We feel it is the public who jeopardized the cool, not the police."

While Cotton and Lloyd were being arrested, other police conducted an identification check, enforcing a local ordinance that prohibits the under-18-year-old from attending a concert where dancing is allowed.

DETROIT—An after-concert party turned into a dope bust for two of Canned Heat's entourage, drummer Adolfo De La Parra and road manager Ronald Stender, who were arraigned at

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Premiere U.S. Engagement:
THE FILLMORE WEST (Feb. 27-Mar. 2)



Direct from Sell-Out Concerts at The Edinburgh Festival and London's Albert Hall. The Music Of Terry Cox / Bert Jansch / Jacqui McShee John Renbourn / Danny Thompson

also known as

THE PENTANGLE

The difference between the Pentangle and the other groups which compete for our attention is that it refuses to fit into any of the recognized boxes. It is not a pop group, not a folk group and not a jazz group, but what it attempts is music which is a synthesis of all these and other styles as well as interesting experiments in each of them individually.

—THE LONDON TIMES

For those who insist that pop is gaudy, aggressive and vulgar, the Pentangle will come as a bit of a surprise. They are relaxed, gentle and poised. For those who insist that pop is just a noisy aberration of the mid twentieth century, the baroque, ornamental delicacy of the Pentangle will neither be heard nor believed. Like the best of pop, the group stands in the mainstream of English music—folk in origin, classical in tone and popular in emotion.

—THE LONDON OBSERVER

"The Pentangle, like Music From Big Pink, is a musical experience which has its own identity, unlike most 'pop music' today. The reason for this is simply that the musicians involved are professionals and their musical tastes and abilities have guided their careers, not dollar signs or star status.

"It's refreshing to hear the clean sound of this album, not cluttered by powerful amps or added instrumentation. One can feel a closeness to the instruments that, heretofore, was a hard task in the pop music field. It is one of the best albums one will ever hear, and as the liner notes say, 'Play this record to those you love.'"

—ROLLING STONE



RS 6315



RS 6334

On Reprise  Where They Belong

Hits the Campus

—Continued from Page Ten

Southfield (a Detroit suburb) municipal court. In all, 28 people were arrested on charges involving acid and grass.

Stender, who was charged with possession of narcotics (exactly which variety police reports do not specify), was released on \$2500 bond. De La Parra was charged with "loitering in a place of illegal occupation," and got out on \$250 bond.

Michigan state police and Southfield police had the Southfield home under surveillance for several weeks. Undercover agents reportedly had previously purchased some narcotics at the home where the party took place. State police said they waited for a party to raid the place so they could bag more people.

The party was held in honor of Canned Heat, who's just finished playing a Masonic Auditorium gig the evening of February 18. No court date was set. De La Parra and Stender were released immediately and the band played a Columbus, Ohio, date the next evening as scheduled.

TWO VIRGINS

John and Yoko Slapped Hard

CHICAGO, CLEVELAND, NEWARK & THE WHOLE STATE OF NEW JERSEY—If you live in any of these parts and you've got eyes to purchase a copy of *Two Virgins*, you'd better pack your suitcase and move on down the line.

Chicago, where the police have made their presence known before, was probably the first town in the nation to bust a store for displaying a record cover. The John Lennon-Yoko Ono nude cover drew the attention of one Sgt. Zarno, who said: "Who in the hell would want a picture like that, with this Lennon standing there showing his private organs? That Japanese girl—she's nothing to look at. Lennon must be soft in the head."

In Cleveland—a large city located in Ohio—the businessmen of music didn't even wait for the fuzz to move in. Main Line, Tetragrammaton's Cleveland distributor, recalled copies of the LP from 30 stores just before the vice squad descended for the kill. The city's chief prosecutor described the record as "obscene," and that did it. Under an Ohio obscene materials law, the "crime" is a felony.

And in Newark a superior court judge ruled that the album cover (not the album, but its cover) could not be distributed in all of New Jersey because it is obscene.

"I find," found Judge Nelson K. Mintz, "there is no relationship whatsoever between the recording and the cover"—John and Yoko might disagree a bit on this point—"and that, if not by intent, in effect, the cover is solely to promote the sale of the record to teenagers."

So county authorities are holding 30,000 confiscated album covers (could they be charged with possession of obscene materials?) and it's just tough shit for Tetragrammaton and at least 30,000 would-be record buyers.

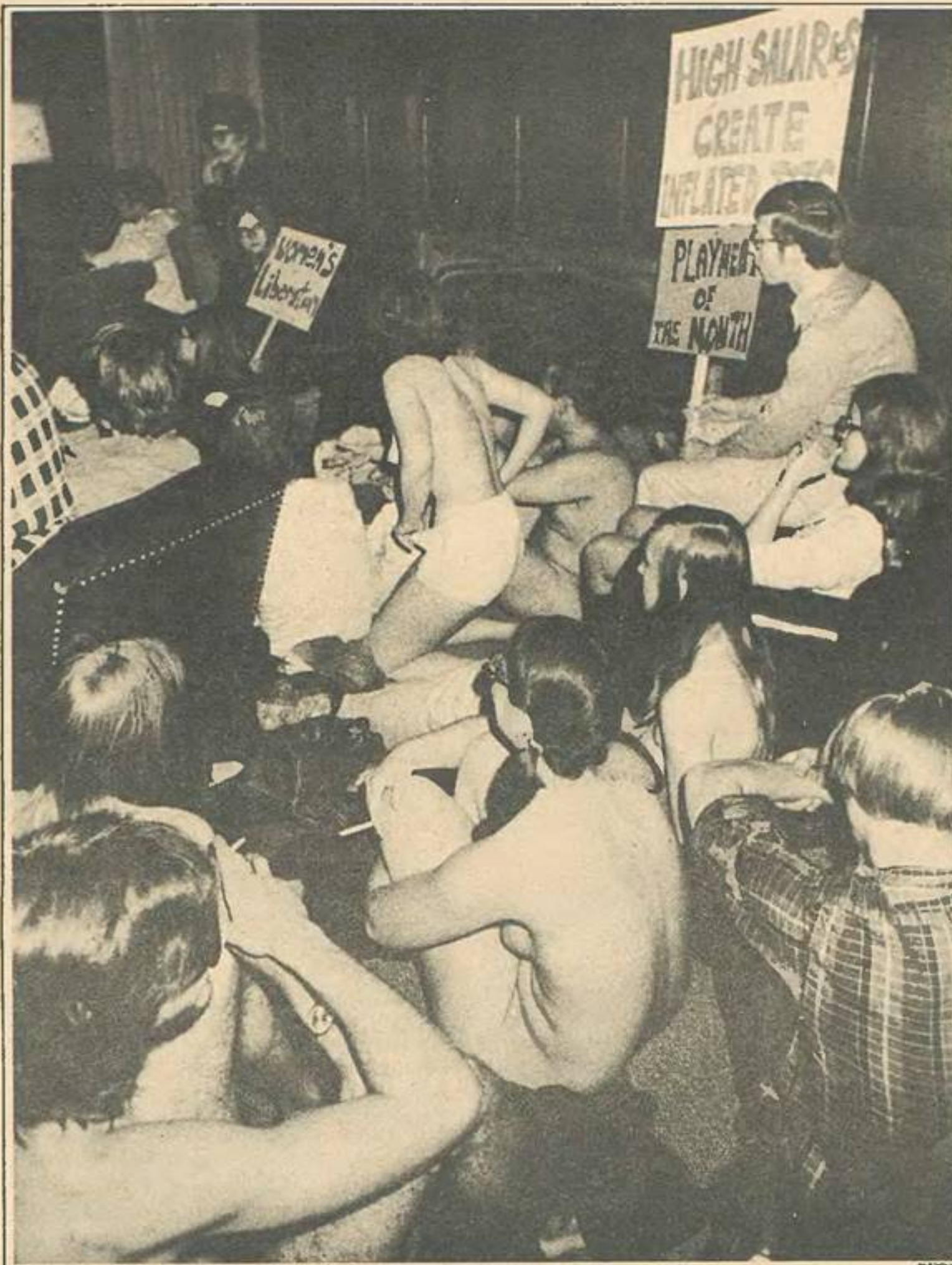
LET US VOTE

L.U.V. Movement Hits the Campus

STOCKTON, Calif.—L.U.V.—Let Us Vote, a potential mass movement for 18-to-21-year-old suffrage which began at the local campus of the University of the Pacific, has spread across the nation. Senator Birch Bayh (Dem., Ind.) inaugurated the movement in a speech at UOP December 16, in which he proposed two extensions of the one-man, one vote principle: lowering the voting age to 18 and eliminating the Electoral College.

Debater Dennis Warren, who is 20, accepted Bayh's challenge to pressure Congress to lower the voting age. He appeared on the *Joey Bishop Show* to announce the formation of L.U.V., and within weeks chapters had been established at 207 colleges and 1500 high schools.

Warren now receives over a thousand



Students Get Naked With Playboy

GRINELL, IOWA — The "Playboy Philosophy" was put to a stern test at Grinnell College when the magazine's promotion chief showed up to intellectualize about tits-and-ass on the printed page, before an audience of 75.

Bruce Draper, the Playboy man, was explaining middle-age Playboy publisher Hugh Hefner's "swinging" philosophy (oversimplified, it is that both money and women are nice to make), when members of the Grinnell Women's Liberation Group and the Guerrilla Theater strode into the lecture hall and proceeded to make themselves naked as so many Playmates.

They carried signs reading LIBERATED

WOMEN ARE MORE FUN and PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH, passed out some anti-Playboy literature and gave Draper a general hard time.

Bareass, they sang and demonstrated while the audience read their handouts, which said: "Playboy Magazine is a money-changer in the temple of the body . . . We protest Playboy's images of lapdog female playthings and their junior - executive - on - the-way-up possessors."

It went on like that for awhile. Draper finished his thing, and then everybody put on their clothes and went home again, no more naked than before.

letters a day from interested students, and believes getting the voting age lowered to 18 is only two to five years away. He points to support for his program from Vice Presidential candidate Edmund Muskie, and Senate Majority and Minority leaders Mansfield and Dirksen.

Several other congressmen are known to be in the L.U.V. corner, and while it may be cynically observed that, far from anticipating any big waves, these men seem to be cooking up a loyal youth following angle, the program is surely a Good Thing.

KRLA & KHJ

Two LA Stations' History of Pop

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

LOS ANGELES—Two Los Angeles radio stations are now preparing aural histories of pop music, one to be broadcast locally, the other to be syndicated nationally.

KRLA, the rocker second in all the ratings but first in intelligence, introduced the first of 37 hour-long weekly shows called "The Pop Chronicles" early in February. While KHJ, the leading Top 40 station, owned by RKO General and programmed by Bill Drake, begins a 48-hour-long "History of Rock and Roll" February 21. Both attempt to cover in song, interview and narrative the popular music of the past 20 years.

The KRLA series is being written, produced and narrated by John Gilliland, a former Dallas disc jockey who came to

the KRLA news department in 1965 and began developing the "Chronicles" shortly after the Monterey Pop Festival.

All 37 shows in this series have been written, Gilliland said, but the 125 interviews on tape (from Alpert to Zappa) have not yet been edited. Only four of the shows are now complete and production is advancing at the rate of one program per week.

The first show considered what Gilliland called "Tin Pan Alley Pop: 1950," featuring interviews with Mitch Miller, the Weavers and Stan Freberg. This period was to be concluded the following week, with the early r&b period next in line. Chuck Berry was to make his entrance on the sixth week.

Gilliland said those who would appear most frequently in the series were Freberg, Zappa and Phil Spector.

The marathon rock history planned for KHJ was still in production less than a week before broadcast and was being written by Pete Johnson, on leave of absence from his regular gig as rock reporter for The Los Angeles Times, and produced by Ron Jacobs, KHJ's station manager and program director.

This history also will be broadcast on at least eight other stations nationally—KFRC in San Francisco, WOR-FM in New York, KYNO in Fresno, KGB in San Diego, WHBQ in Memphis, WRKO in Boston, KAKC in Tulsa, and CKLW (cq.) in Detroit. On these outlets the program will begin February 28.

Johnson said the history would emphasize the music (records), while the interviews with approximately 120 artists would be used only to introduce discs or "provide a mood." In contrast, KRLA's "Chronicles" are more historical,

or intellectual, and fewer records are being played.

Production of the KHJ history began in November. Johnson said he has been given total freedom in its preparation and said it would include many records (early rhythm and blues, jazz and underground rock) never before played on any station Drake has programmed. Yet, Johnson added, the history was Drake's idea.

"The History of Rock and Roll" is being narrated by Robert W. Morgan, one of the KHJ Boss Jocks.

Beck Fires Two, Delays Tour

LONDON—The Jeff Beck Group are busy trying to replace two departed musicians—bassist Ron Wood and drummer Mickey Waller—in an effort to fulfill the final three-fourths of a contracted American tour.

The dismissal of Wood and Waller, which came immediately before the band was to leave for the United States, left the group with just three members—Beck himself, singer Rod Stewart and pianist Nicky Hopkins—and caused the cancellation of at least five dates, including two at the Fillmore East in New York City.

Beck has some ideas for replacements, but if these don't work out will begin holding auditions immediately. He hopes to pick up the tour February 28 at Worcester, Massachusetts, play the remaining 14 cities, and then re-schedule the cancelled concerts sometime after April 5.

FREE SEMINARS

COME Opens With All-Star Staff

SAN FRANCISCO—The new San Francisco College of Contemporary Music opens June 8-21 with 50 free seminars being taught by an impressive roster of teachers, including Jerry Garcia, Roland Kirk, Country Joe McDonald, Michael Bloomfield, John Handy, Elvin Bishop, the staff of the acclaimed Tape Music Center, Big Black, Ralph J. Gleason and many others.

This opening set, called the Community of Musical Efforts—COME for short—will be taught on the Mills College campus across the Bay in Oakland, and will have something for everybody in contemporary music: rock and roll, R&B, jazz, C&W, country and urban blues, Indian music, electronics and every possible meeting of those elements.

It all sounds vaguely utopian and impossible, but Clancy Carlile and co-founders, Bill Freeman (ex-Carousel Ballroom, now a record producer and rock manager) and Leonard Sheftman (an owner of San Francisco's Both/And jazz club), assure that the \$35,000 to finance COME is accounted for. It is to be operated as a nonprofit, tax-free project under the sponsorship of the Portola Institute of Menlo Park, California.

The teachers will be paid \$100 a week, a "token salary," Freeman says, which COME fully expects the music industry—"the impresarios, the recording companies; the equipment and instrument makers, anyone who profits from the labors of musicians"—to match, on a pro rata basis.

"Everyone who will be benefited by COME will be asked to contribute to the expense of getting it on," says Sheftman. On a dollars-and-cents basis—considering the boost COME and the SF College of Contemporary Music and similar programs give promising young musicians—it's a good investment for the industry, Sheftman adds.

Even the manner of teaching will be different with COME.

"We want to get away from the whole concept of teaching," says Carlile. "Instead of teaching, what we want to do is provide a free, informal, creative atmosphere in which the student is, first of all, stimulated to learn, and then provided with the experts who can help him learn what he wants to learn."

The number of students enrolling in COME's 50 free seminars and workshops is expected to reach 1000. Seventy-five percent of the students will be taken on a first-come, first-serve basis; the remaining 25 per cent of classroom space will be allotted to Neighborhood Com-

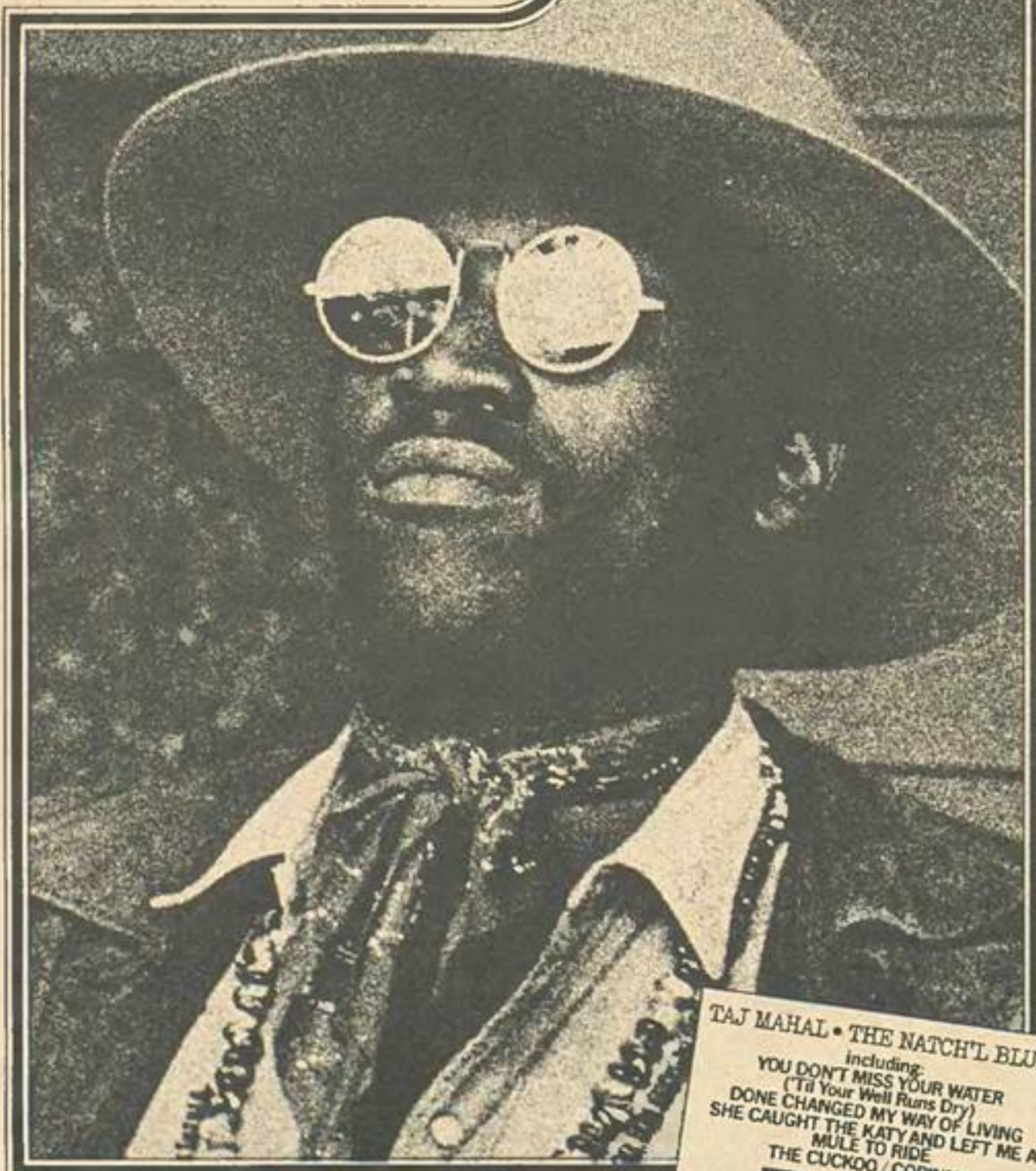
—Continued on Page 30

Taj Mahal

Taj Mahal

Taj Mahal

Taj Mahal



He never learned the blues.
Just lived them. His blues are simple.
Naked. Beautiful.
Taj Mahal's latest album is
"The Natch'l Blues."

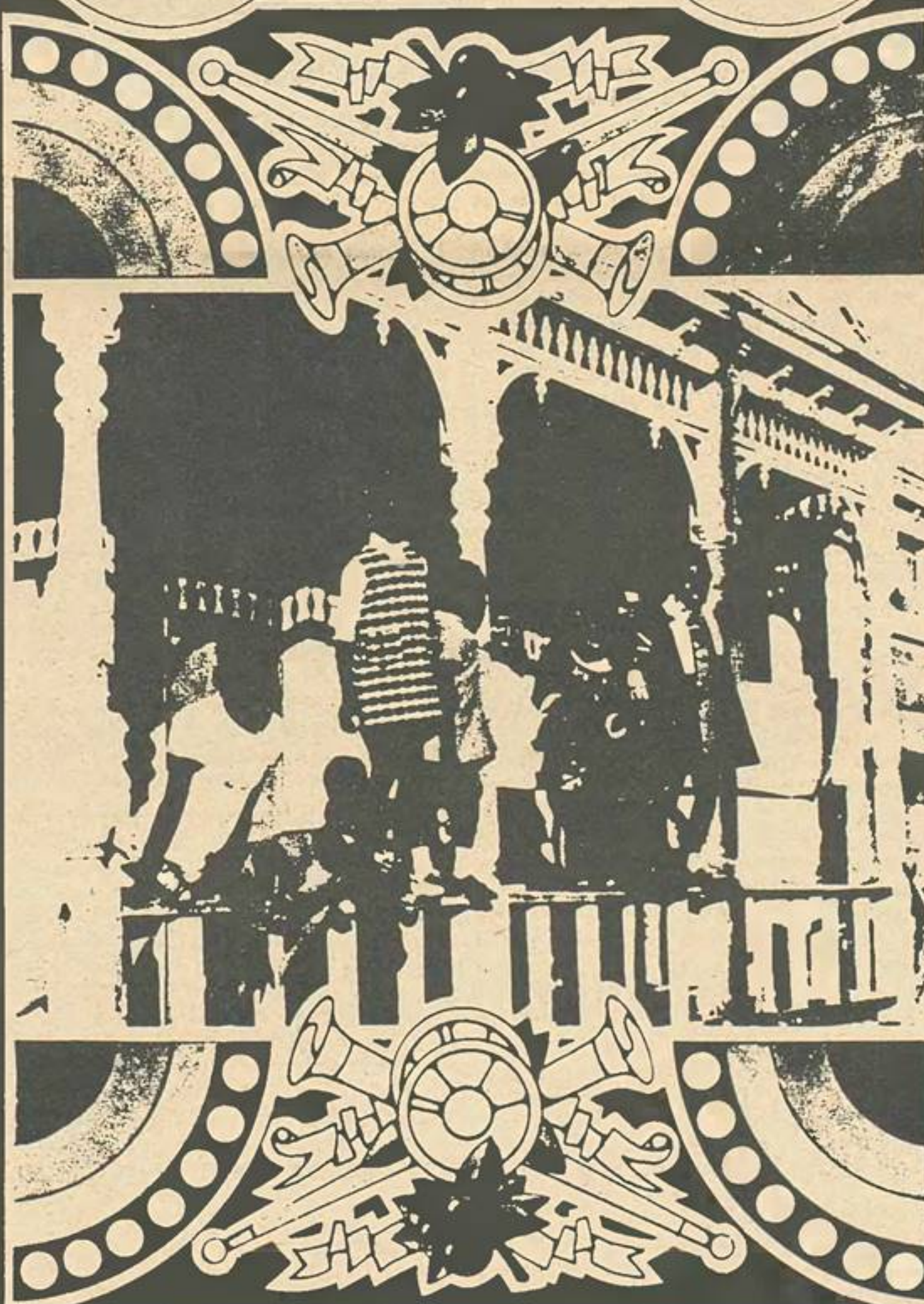
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WPS 21887



THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND

BY MICHAEL MARCH

NEW YORK—A potpourri of Taoist tongues voiced in infantile innuendoes—the Incredible String Band. Through living the "timeless life" Robin Williamson and Michael Heron have suspended folk music in their lyrical abandon spinning dual, dissident webs for the non-hearers. Their songs are nursery-rhymed soliloquies radiating nature and encompassing a cultural homogenation of musical styles—from calypso to raga. There are no riddles only ripples; their experiences are our associations. "O, wizard of changes, teach me the lesson of flowing."

The Incredible String Band was conceived when adjectives were food and literature was form—formed in Scotland four years ago by Williamson and Clive Palmer and christened with the addition of Heron. Scottish bluegrass and small clubs. Producer Joe Boyd responded with an Elektra recording contract. But with the issuance of the first album, the band disbanded—Williamson splitting for Morocco, Palmer wandering about Afghanistan and India, and Heron courting occasional musical gigs.

*"I have no aim or view/
just some dreams to pursue/
as i wallow around this world."*

Upon Williamson's return the ISB replenished, evolving into two musical magicians who invoke instruments from gimbri to kazoo to mesmerize all in their innocence.

*"And the sun keeps sneaking up/
when it thinks I'm not looking."*

"We are not our music but a summation of our experiences. The music is a magic gift that permeates our existence. And though people can't fully comprehend our songs, they can share our experiences," commented Heron while sitting cross-legged on his bed—a fixture of the Chelsea Hotel. "Every artist must master the tools of his medium. Playing a variety of instruments insures the musical texture—to breathe constant movement into the lyrics. We set no limitations. Our songs are not preconceived—the just flow."

Esoteric-eroticism. Their music is as simple as one's existence and as complex as one's complaining—touching all.

*mother: mother did not like the way
her teeth grew*

*religions: the poor priests like to walk
in chains and God likes to forsake them
toil: i can't keep my hands on the
plow because it's dying*

*love: though i never slept with you
we must have made love a thousand
times*

*knowledge: you know all the words
and you sung all the notes but you never
quite learned the song*

*mother: you know what you could be
but you worry all the time what you
should be.*

Their music possesses a totality for the simple lyrics are distilled and abstracted by their whining-windings and reinforced by their complex instrumentation and the integration of the multiple musical forms of Britain's immigrants.

"We don't like to work," stated Williamson stitching a red, suede jacket. "We hope to reach people through the intimacy of the album. Our spirit's voice is taken into the home—we're even around when people make love. People can associate through our records. This is not a visual scene. We perform infrequently because we're not into it. So we do these large things which are too large to be of any significance to the

music. But everyone can't be your friend and sit around the house listening.

"I have a farm in Wales, and Mike lives in Scotland. We make music separately coming together when we're in London to record—laying down a few tracks at a time, never a complete album." Heron counterpointed with a cigarette. "Music is created, that's all. The audience is out there—never considered. We reach those who reach us. When we perform, we're oblivious to our surroundings because our effort is to transcend our limitations and atmosphere. It's a funny thing that so many people are involved within the same tides—reacting to new tastes."

*"The natural cards revolve, ever
changing."*

WBAI Tuesday night, listener-leftist-sponsored station covered with cultural feedback: electric mud splashed on the wall, a photo-package of Muddy Waters; a sign endorsing Nixon Humphrey for 69/McCarthy for President; Ladybird straddling the left speaker; commentator-jester Bob Fass wearing open CPO with beads over undershirt and under extended stomach, whispering to the outside cabal; producer-manager Boyd, Harvard-American expatriate, sitting thin in used flower curtain jacket; and the Incredible String Band nestled within the cramped corners of a studio juxtaposed between the cubbies of the editing and control cubicles.

*"Sitting here with my arms around my
music . . . i swim the seas within my
mind."*

Fass swerves to the right after discussing the earth's bowels looking to Boyd who fills time with analogies. "The cats in America are fatter and tougher than the British . . ." Radio Unnameable's soothsayer strokes his deserted scalp eventually reaching some blond, overlapping hair, massages beard, adjusts glasses, and cues the ISB through the plexiglass separation with fingering gesticulations—with the only communication being man's animal isolation. The ISB respond.

*"I have been tied to this land
since i was planned
by the need to feed my mind and
body."*

Fass smiles while drinking a jar of ice coffee. Boyd bends forward instructing an increase in the voice-level of Williamson's mike. The dashboard flickers

with phoned responses. Fass picks up. Laughs in repeated imitation, "Bob, I know you no take suggestions; but maybe sometimes you play latin music." Boyd signals a take-five with three outstretched fingers causing Fass' retort. "You abbreviate on your side of the Atlantic."

The ISB stop casting relaxing glances at their birds—Rose and Lystra. The station's volunteers crowd their approval as Fass infiltrates the audience with "the Incredible String Band are special friends of BAI. You can catch them at Fillmore East tomorrow night; and if that's sold out, at Philharmonic Hall this Friday." Boyd whispers that only an overflow at Fillmore can save the Philharmonic date while Fass spins the Fugs' *It Crawled into my Hand, Honest* album. More calls and Fass—"There's always something to censor. It used to be sex and dope—now it's revolution. But it's too late." The ISB continue their musical conversation.

"I'm the original discriminating buffalo man and i'll do what's wrong as long as i can."

When the music's over, Fass is on as the ISB retrieve and leave in velvet courted by Boyd. Station identification. WBAI—"hungry, failing radio in New York." Fass ferments, "Were the Incredible String Band really here tonight?" He talks of their "cool drink of simplicity." But if the plug has entered his mind, it has yet to reappear.

"I'm sorry if i woke ya but i got the no-sleep blues."

Wednesday and rehearsal—nobody knows when, but it's generally three hours late. Fillmore East backstage—unveiled and showing hidden parts: raw brick walls, tentacles of black wire, sealed sound equipment, and the light show mounted on stilt-platform holding mixtures of oils, light, and projectors. There is little color now, only the banterings of the hip workers and the Puerto Rican workmen.

The ISB enter and disappear into the dexterous dressing room while their manager asserts the cache of antique instruments. Workers sniff about in bewilderment. Outside lines congest in an attempt to secure tickets for the Jefferson Airplane weekend. Notice: "ISB sold out." Inside eleven microphones are patterned for the performance. The ISB descend positioning themselves for another time—singing while their song is remixed by some machines in the right

upper box and instantaneously scattered by the house's speaker system. The adjustments end.

Reality is five hours later as the crowds flow into themselves trickling into the concert. There is no light show tonight, just the band accompanied on throat, percussion, and electric bass by their women. The ISB recite their act with grade school hesitation and grace. Licorice vocals used as commas in the musical structure. Periodic returns are referred to casually without recognition of the audience, causing the evening's session to be rhythms of capture and loss.

*"I'll whisper of the baby raindrops
playing on my window and i'll tell them
not to weep."*

As intermission interrupts, people spill from the hall either in disgust with the "phony intellectual no-act show" or unaware of the second ending.

*I was a young man back in the 1960's
you made your own amusements
then*

*the travel was hard
and i mean we still used the
wheel*

*but you could sit down at your table
and get a real food meal . . .*

*but hey you young people
i just do not know*

*i can't even understand you
when you try to talk slow*

Unfortunately, the Incredible String Band's simplicity-intimacy cannot be shared or communicated within the confines of bloated settings—the turntable remains the focal point. The performance climaxes with a standing ovation—an ostrich's reemergence or getting their money's worth of energy.

Take-two commences at Philharmonic Hall successfully full of slicker sets—a mindless, musical ball with five more tunes and the boredom of overtime's pleasures. There are no encores. "Making love to people that i didn't like to see."

"Study lyrics if you want to. Look at our faces—we just play," rationalized Heron. Their music is truth manipulated simply unobtrusively. There is no electricity to shake your money maker. The performance is internal.

*And the last time i seen you
said you'd joined the church of
Jesus but me*

*i remember your long red hair
falling in our faces as i kissed you*





THE FOOL

BY J. M. ROSE

The name "the Fool" was chosen for its Tarot meaning, the card, the source, the womb. "Everything comes out of it, and everything returns into it," to quote Seemon Posthuma, spokesman for the four. "The Tarot plays a conscious sort of symbolism in our music. It is one of the ways to gain some wisdom and understanding."

The Fool was born three years ago from the lives and identities of Seemon Posthuma, Josje Leeger, Marijke Koger, and Barry Finch. London was its birthplace, home of many of their friends, such as the Beatles and the Cream. "Love-Special Delivery" hung on the door, along with gold stars hung in a midnight blue sky background. Montague Square was the address, on the calm quiet, magically colored flat whose very silence breathed cosmic love. And that's where they're at, immersed in the white magic of love.

Their origins are diverse, three from Amsterdam, and one, Barry, from London. Before they came to London, Josje and Marijke were designing fashion in Amsterdam, modern gypsy outfits crossed with jesters' costumes. Free and fanciful are the clothes they wear, all self-designed in cosmic patchwork fabrics. Seemon was an artist, fulfilling his mission to turn everyone on to beauty and color. Son of a policeman, ironically, he dabbled in music with the flute and bongos. Barry was a hip public relations man and a poet looking for someone to design the program for the Saville Theatre. He was introduced to Seemon and Co. by the people at Granny Takes a Trip, and they hit it off immediately. They did the program for a Saville and started meeting the most beautiful people in London. That was the beginning of the Fool.

The Beatles commissioned them to do the front cover for *Sgt. Pepper*. The Cream asked them to paint their instruments. They did a fireplace for George Harrison and a piano for John Lennon. They designed clothes for the Beatles and they designed the Apple Boutique. Then they turned to music.

After leaving Amsterdam, Seemon and Marijke went to Morocco and picked up instruments and a lot of ideas. According to Seemon: "We did a lot of music in North Africa . . . that's where we played with the people in the streets." They use only acoustical instruments, no amplification. Not that they have anything against it, they're just trying to get down to the roots of music.

One would think that their association with the big English stars helped them get started in the music world. But they say no one helped them but Graham Bond, leader of the English group the Magi, who is planning to put on a stage show here in America in collaboration with the Fool. And ex-Hollie Graham Nash, who produced their album (Mercury SR 61178).

They define their music as "the sort of sound you can play in the street, sort of Art of Living. An Oriental sort of sound; the monotone thing where you get sort of an ah-oom feeling. You hear it at the moment in many fields of music."

And it's all connected, their art, Barry's poetry, music, and fashions. "With everything we do we say the same thing; all the time it's about beauty and color and sound and it's just different aspects of life. They're all beautiful channels for communication because that's all we're aiming for, really."

They know where life's at, and where we're at. "Breathing is the secret of life, whatever you do professionally with love is an art . . . We chose the name The Fool 'cause that's where we're all at really. He runs around, the world is his and he doesn't know anything about law or anything. He just lives and he's free . . . It would be nice if we were all like that. Like Dylan says: 'To live outside the law you must be honest.' And strangely enough it works because the law, which is symbolized by the police and the army, they're our friends . . . they all like us . . . they think it's fantastic. And here's everyone paranoid about the police. The police is the fool's best friend. He has helped us very much. My father gave me life and he's a policeman. Look at John and Yoko . . . we're going through court with them . . . They go through it for everybody."

They find their inspiration in the everyday places, like their fabrics. "People say in America, 'where do you find your materials, they're so beautiful?' Just around the corner, it's not really looking for them, suddenly they look for you, more than you look for them. They're just there and they're beautiful."

Their clothes are fantastic mystic garments, beautiful to wear and beautiful to see. They intend to market these fashions, at popular prices, with stores in Beverly Hills and New York. They will also sell everything they create; "Our albums, a series of 12 art reproductions of our work, Barry's poetry, men, women, and children's fashions . . . like these shoes we are wearing."

For their stage show with Graham Bond they intend to write the music, design the sets, the costumes, and the lights. "It will be a combination of all the things we do, like color from the ultimate for costumes, beautiful stage costumes. We can go for stage sets so far in color and beautiful decor, a package that will have a tremendous impact on the public. But very simple still; it doesn't have to cost a lot of money to do something nice . . ."

They record on their own label distributed by Mercury Records. Their album is very Eastern, showing a great North African and Slavic influence. Like their art and clothes their music is cosmic and universal. No other band in rock culture sounds anything like the Fool—indeed, the Fool lacks a drum kit, amplified guitars, and any taste of the blues, except for an occasional glimmer out of the harmonica, which is the only instrument in the Fool normally associated with rock and roll. Their group sound is a compendium of North European hymns and drinking songs, international children's songs, bagpipes, tambourine, Moroccan thump drumming, banjo-like instruments, bongos, all of it set to a generally unsyncopated rhythmic cast. If anything the Fool's approach is sing-song. But an hypnotic sing-song which commands your attention, building in intensity with each song.

"What I think we're consciously aware of is the Moroccan influence. I think also Bulgarian music . . . all those folk things, the real, like Roman music . . . the Balkan . . . right? The Bulgarian, Armenian music, all the folk music is such a pure sound."

They plan to put out another album in a few months, again in the North African vein, plus: "In the next album we will do a lot of new things, because the atmosphere in California is to us all very creative. There's so much inspiration in the air, so much happening here

. . . so many people with their thing, doing something. You give each other all the time little hints: you know, you see, you hear, you communicate, because you meet many beautiful people, more than any other place in the world; and we have been in a few places, but nowhere as nice as San Francisco and Los Angeles, because there happens to be lots of groovy young people around here."

They came to America to breathe our air, to live with us. They want to partake of the possibilities of combination happening here. "Well, we think it's so beautiful that it's all happening here in the United States, because the United States is a symbol of all the nations united in one. The have been influenced by all of the countries and all of the ages in history. Music too. It's progressive and it's also native. It's like a collage of all past, present, and future, and of all different parts of the world in one thing. You know, that's what we feel."

"And it's only now, in the United States, people live next door to each other from opposite parts of the globe . . . All those people involved, all those backgrounds and histories. People don't understand that it's those same people who were here in those past times and who are here now or there a bit further on . . . but they're the same souls. And that is again on a bigger scale like the combination possibilities . . . like you have all these countries, and from them you make one country and from them something else grows, like once the world will be all one. One nation and you don't need passports and all that sort of stuff."

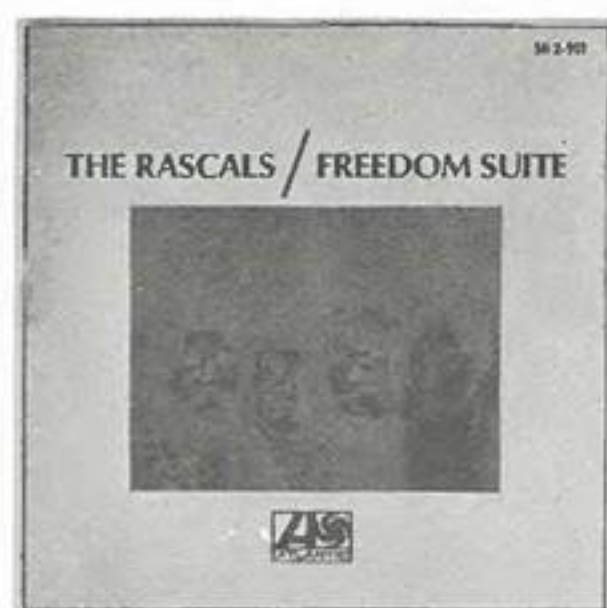
They are us, children of the dream . . . children of the future. They mirror us and we do them for we are all of the same age. This is the Fool, a ring of stars in a midnight sky, a ring of sunlight, the golden sun . . . the mandala of the Universal Fool.

The Heavy Sounds A

39 Exciting I



ARETHA FRANKLIN
SOUL '69
Atlantic SD 8212



THE RASCALS
FREEDOM SUITE
Atlantic SD 2-901 Two LP Set



WILSON PICKETT
HEY JUDE
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DUSTY SPRINGFIELD
DUSTY IN MEMPHIS
Atlantic SD 8214



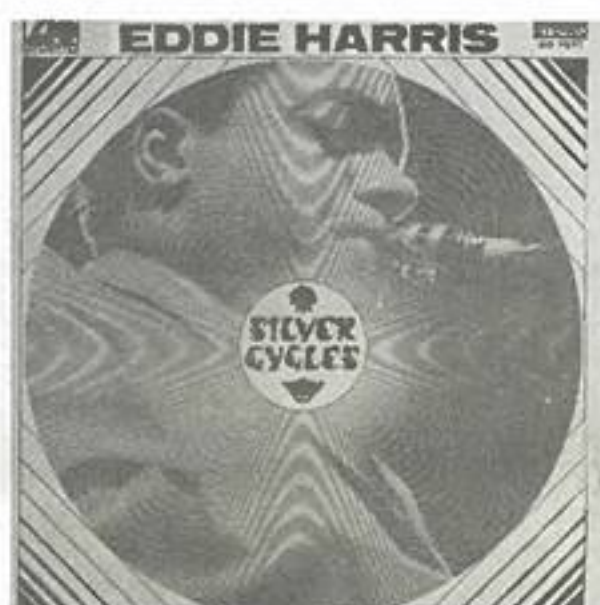
THE DYNAMIC CLARENCE CARTER
Atlantic SO 8199



ALBERT KING
KING OF THE BLUES GUITAR
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THE BEST OF SAM & DAVE
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SILVER CYCLES
Atlantic SD 1517



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Atlantic SO 8211



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SOUL SONG
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SOUNDTRACK
Atlantic SD 1519



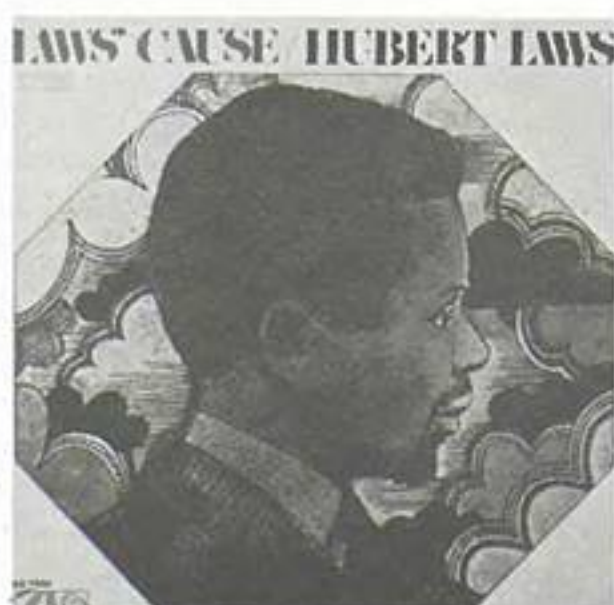
LES McCANN
MUCH LES
Atlantic SD 1516



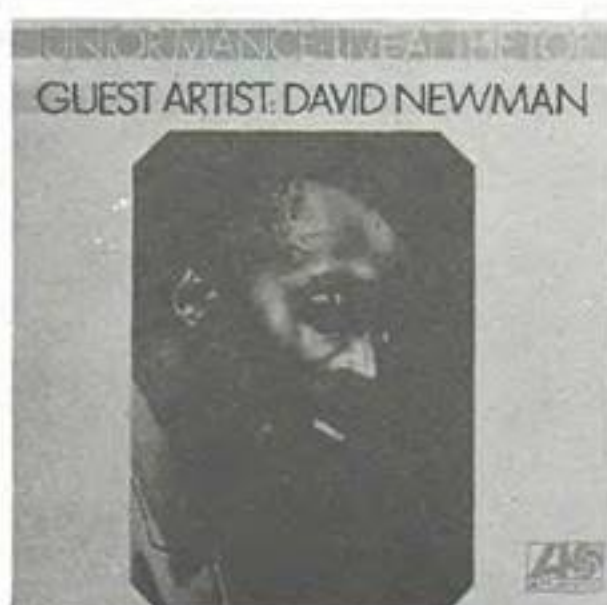
ROLAND KIRK
LEFT & RIGHT
Atlantic SD 1518



HISTORY OF RHYTHM & BLUES—VOL. 7
THE SOUND OF SOUL
Atlantic SD 8208



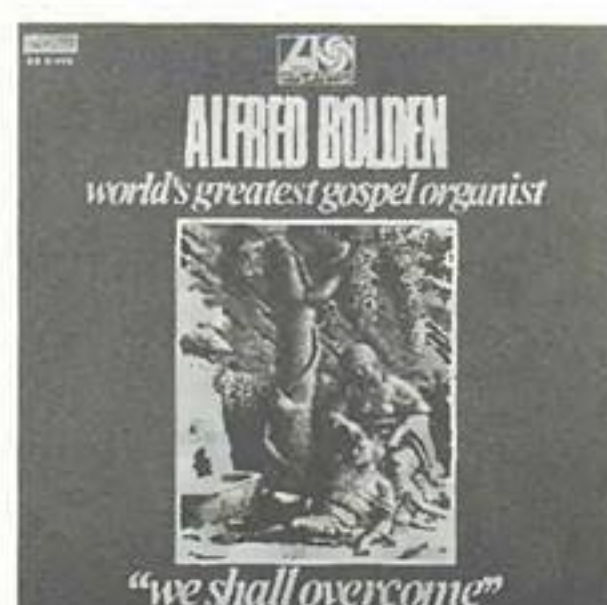
HUBERT LAWS
LAWS' CAUSE
Atlantic SD 1509



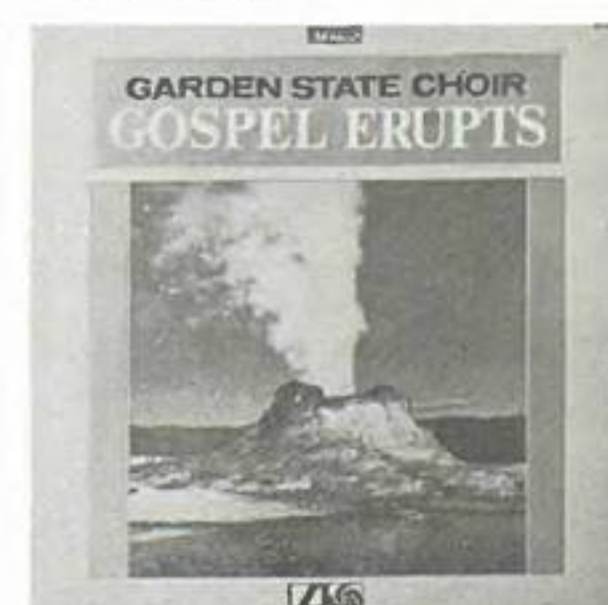
JUNIOR MANCE
GUEST ARTIST DAVID NEWMAN
LIVE AT THE TOP
Atlantic SD 1521



CLARE FISCHER
THESAURUS (THE CLARE FISCHER BIG BAND)
Atlantic SD 1520



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BEE GEES
ODESSA
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THE MAGIC LANTERNS
SHAME SHAME
Atlantic SD 8217



ARTHUR CONLEY
MORE SWEET SOUL
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VANILLA FUDGE
NEAR THE BEGINNING
Atco SD 33-278



RETROSPECTIVE
THE BEST OF BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD
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DR. JOHN
BABYLON
Atco SD 33-270



HISTORY OF RHYTHM & BLUES—VOL. 8
THE MEMPHIS SOUND
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SOUL CLAN
Ben E. King, Don Covay, Joe Tex,
Solomon Burke, Arthur Conley.
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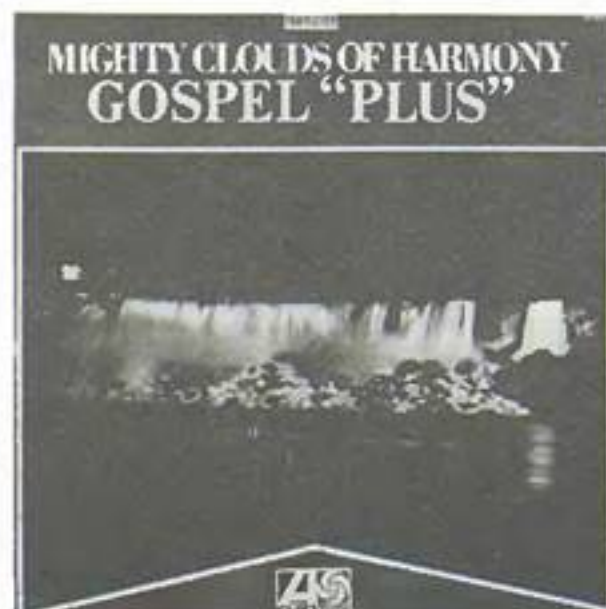
BRIAN AUGER & THE TRINITY
DEFINITELY WHAT!
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FIREBALLS
COME ON, REACT!
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THE SUPER GROUPS
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Stereo Cartridge Tapes

Nobody Loves Us But The Fans

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

The lead girl slows her opponent with a hip block and an elbow into the ribs. Gaining on the rear of the pack she grabs the outstretched hand of a pivot skater who spin-whips her forward past a blocker. A roar of approval shakes the stands. Before she can pass a second skater another blocker screams in from the outside rail, grabs her pony tail and plants a knee in the kidneys. Doubled over the jammer nearly loses her balance as she drifts into the rail at waist level and cartwheels to the stadium floor. The arena erupts in pandemonium as a collective cry for blood vengeance triggers a near riot.

Stadium police converge on a fist fight which has broken out in the reserve seat section. Two balding men in their thirties, one with a cigar protruding from clinched teeth, rumble before an SRO gallery of highway accident gawkers. A cup of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is spilled on Montgomery Ward sta-prest slacks, fists wave in the air and a rather drunk loser ends up with a T-shirt pulled over his head.

No sooner is order restored than a second fight starts, this time among two feuding skaters in the center of the rink.

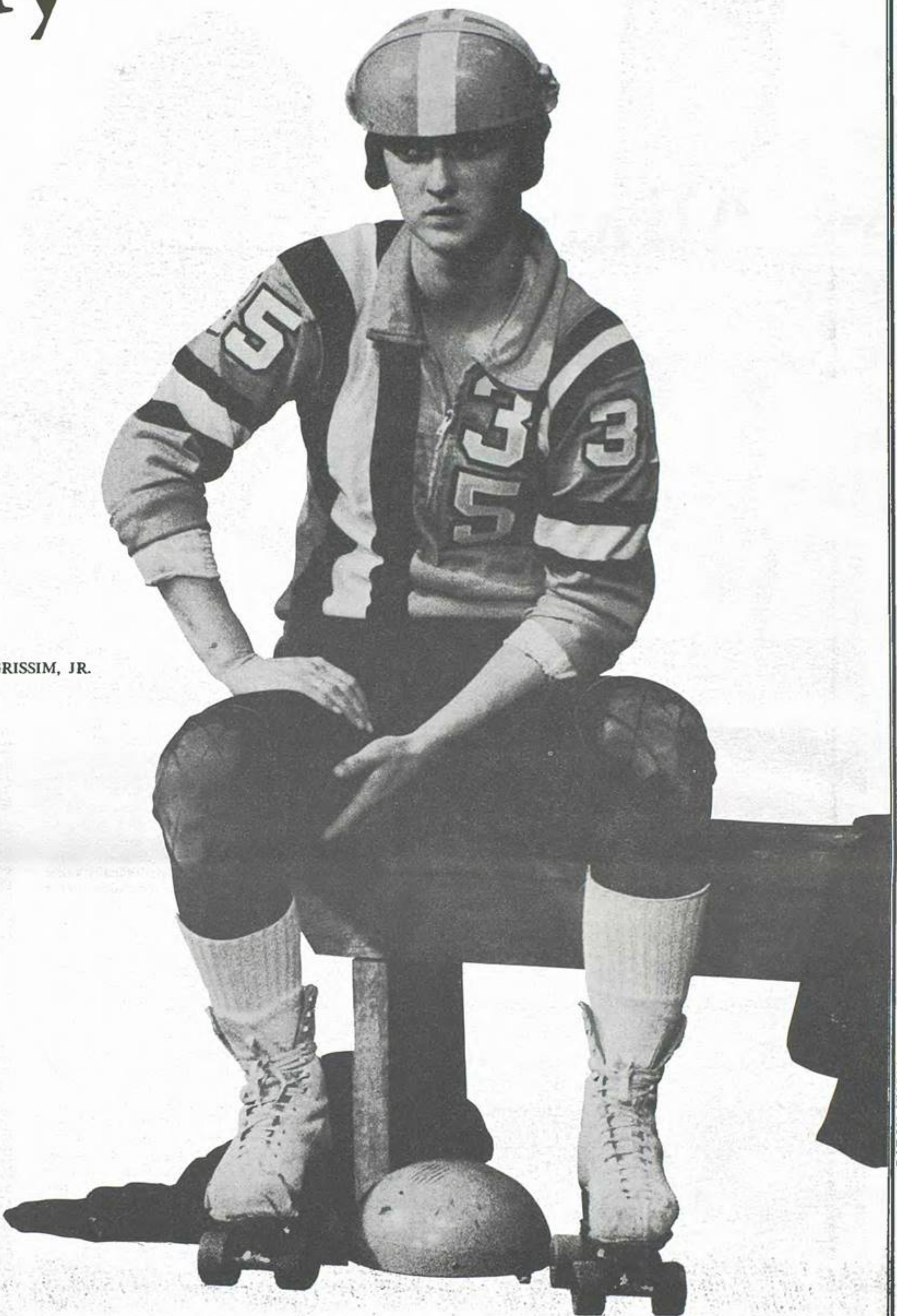
"Don't let her give you any shit, Joanie!" A fortyish housewife in voluminous green stretch pants has risen indignantly to avenge the insult to the home team. Scarcely a head turns to note her presence. Two young women with polka dot scarves covering heads wired to outsized curlers hurl similar epithets. Having vented their spleen they return to painting their fingernails. The mood is augmented by a thin lippy youth in a gold lame shirt, drippy ID bracelet and Sam-the-Sham pants. "That Joanie, she's a girrrl!" Harsh words at a high pitch.

You can't call the crowd of 10,000 an audience. It is an organized mob—near hysterical men and women writhing in great paroxysms of emotion, by turns ecstatic, argumentative, despairing and vindictive. But never silent. If the action on the rink is sport, the behavior in the stands is spectacle. The two spheres are at times competitive, leaving the spectators to choose between Aristotelian catharsis and just plain raising hell. At \$3.00 per seat, Roller Derby guarantees your money's worth.

The game has been called a fast moving sport, a carnival exhibition and a glorious put-on, depending on your viewpoint. The professional sporting establishment officially relegates it to the category of an amusement, the major television networks ignore it completely and sports editors have all but banned it from the green sheet. The only problem is that the game, whatever it is, continues to grow substantially with each season.

The attendance figures for the greater San Francisco Bay Area (population 4.5 million) serve as a case in point. In 1967 a total of eight professional clubs in major league sports competed with the local Roller Derby team for the spectator's dollar. The San Francisco Giants led the pack with 1.4 million fans while the Roller Derby ran a near second with over 900,000—considerably ahead of the other ball club as well as competitors in pro-football, basketball, soccer and hockey. Similar but less spectacular statistics have come out of Seattle, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Boston and even Montreal. As one Derby wheel puts it "Nobody loves us but the fans."

Every season, the International Roller Derby—to use its formal copyrighted name—sells out virtually every major hall in the country. Each week through-



BARON WOLMAN

out the year its games are seen either live or by videotape on some 75 independent television stations and continue to achieve respectable audience ratings in prime time slots. The top skaters in the league could care less what people call the game—they're picking up close to \$40,000 for a nine month season. The average veteran teammate clears a comfortable \$10-\$12,000.

Roller Derby fans can't all be wrestling match grannies and lunch pail executives or George Wallace would long ago have been a shoo-in. Descriptively the average spectator comes from a broader based (and recently a more racially diverse) class of *lumpen-proletariat*. He loves Roller Derby because in the grand tradition of prole sports you don't need a college education to play it, watch it or relate to an ostensibly painful collision with the railing. This feature is exactly what made the game a hit during the Depression.

In the early Thirties, when major league sports were essentially starving to death, the biggest entertainment drawing cards were dance marathons and six day bike races. For two bits you could spend six hours in the stands watching contestants dance longer, and cyclists pedal farther, than their competitors—all for prize money. It wasn't long before Chicago promoter Leo Seltzer put contestants on skates and announced a 2,000 mile skatathon. Several couples would circle an oval track while lights on a huge map of the United States would record their progress

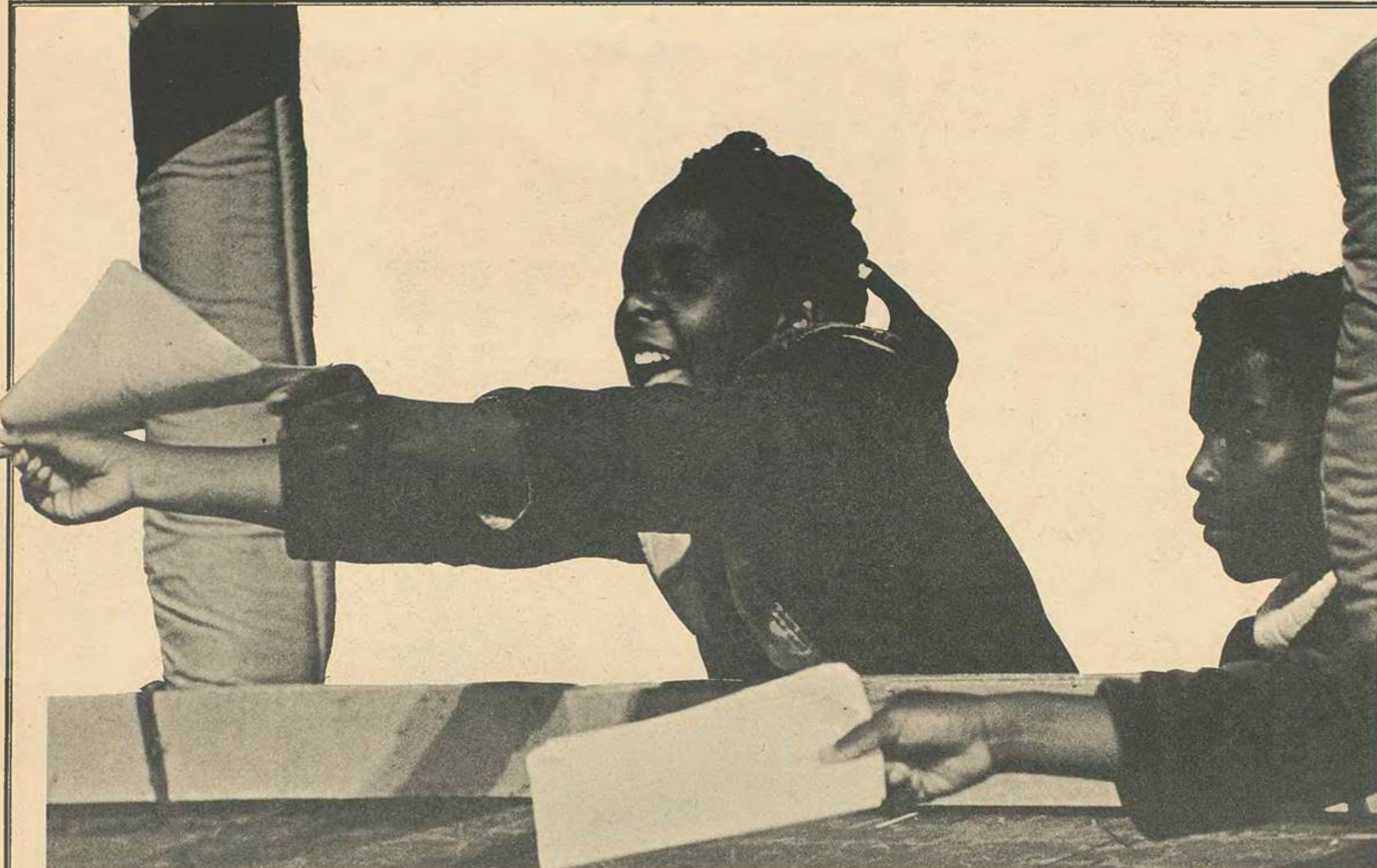
toward San Francisco. When the winning pair skated "under the Golden Gate Bridge" to win the first contest in 1935, Seltzer knew he had himself a winner.

The first marathons usually started out with a crowd of 400 which would build on succeeding evenings as the skaters neared their 25 day goal. On the last two or three nights attendance would rise to eight or nine thousand. By this time the contestants were either heroes or villains as they pushed and shoved each other to maintain advantage. There was a lot of carnal atmosphere and of course the whole thing was hoked up, but it was a proven money-maker.

Sportswriter Damon Runyon, a friend of Seltzer's, got into the act with a plan to form men and women teams, set up a league and take the whole show on the road. Roller Derby was subsequently established and the first of an eventual six-team league began touring the boonie circuit with limited success. After the game, Runyon and Seltzer would sit in a bar and either change the rules or dream up new ones. Just like the National Collegiate Athletic Association today. (In fact the NCAA has for years been accused of such tactics in track and field by its jurisdictional rival the Amateur Athletic Union.)

Today the rules for Roller Derby could hardly be simpler. A team is composed of five men and five women who skate during eight alternating 2-minute periods. Each five man platoon consists of two jammers, two blockers, and one pivot man.

When the referee signals that both are in a pack,



fully chronicled by Jerry Seltzer, 39, heir to the good fortune of his father's promotional genius and today the principal wheel of the Roller Derby.

As head of his own sports promotion agency and owner of the San Francisco Bay Bombers (beats "Whirring Wheels"), younger Seltzer comes across like anyone but a Derby flack. Urbane and cool, he eschews cigars and the hard sell, preferring instead a relaxed delivery totally devoid of a defensive tone. He admits to liking progressive rock, periodically takes his kids to Fillmore West, and has probably never owned a pair of Florsheims. He knows nine out of ten sportswriters are going to put down Roller Derby before they walk into his office, yet he persists in being sincere.

Looking out of his office, formerly occupied by the Oakland Clippers soccer club (which went broke after one season and a million dollar loss), Seltzer speaks of past Derby growing pains, his voice betraying a hint of the awful absurdity of the phenomenon.

"After the experience with CBS we became totally a product of television. In the early days you could either watch wrestling, Roller Derby, Milton Berle or Howdy Doody. We were on ten hours a week and doing very well. Finally ABC agreed to televise league games in Chicago, New York and New Jersey but only if we skated 52 weeks a year. Because we couldn't possibly expand the league rapidly enough to meet the demand the only alternative was reruns. But at the time the only recording method was kinescope—an unsatisfactory process. So by the mid-Fifties we had to make a clean break with the networks."

Roller Derby moved out west and for a while operated out of the Los Angeles Coliseum on a five night a week basis. A local independent station, KTLA, picked up the games and kept the house count up, but soon the sponsor began insisting on a year-round schedule. Again the proposal was refused and Roller



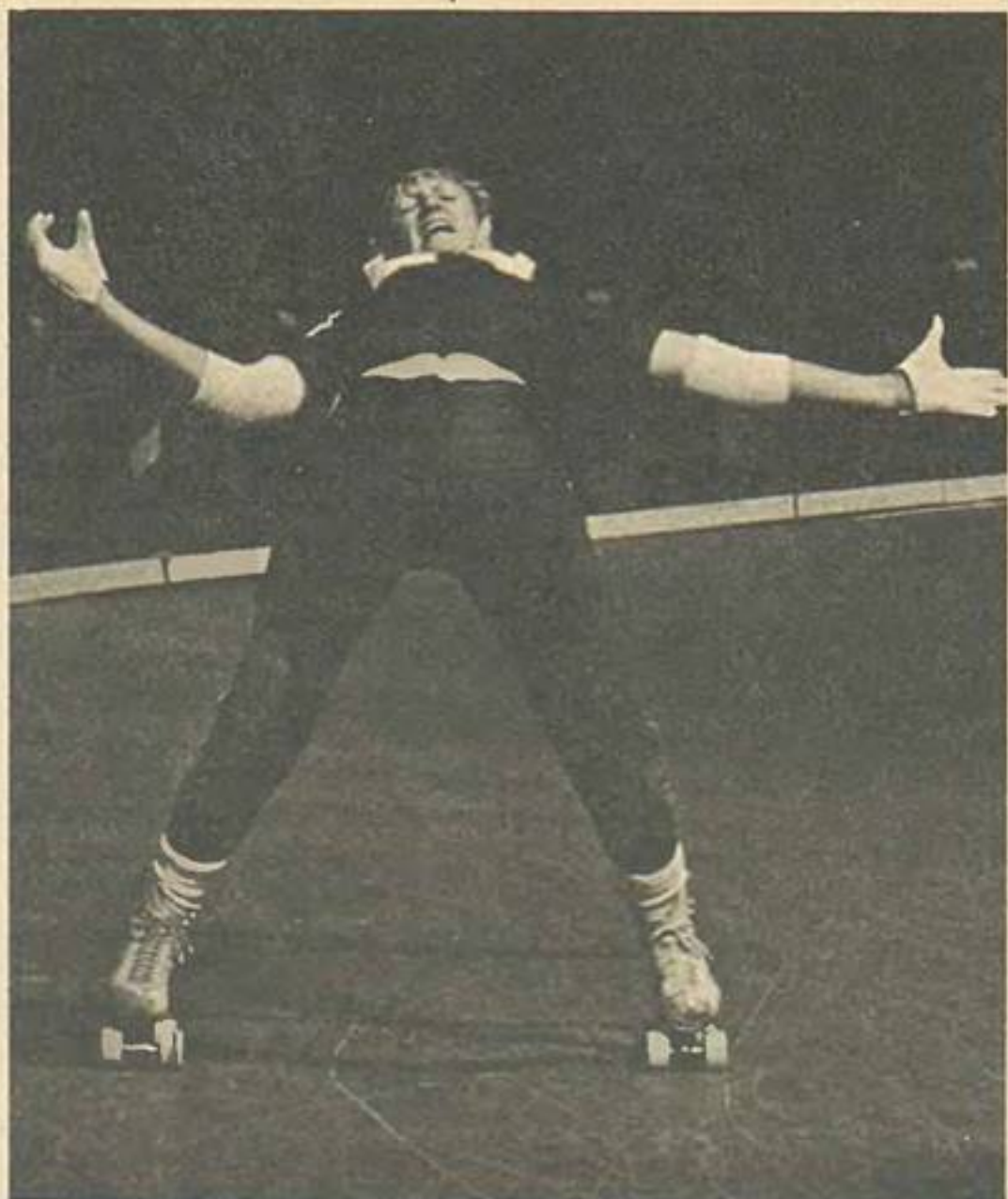
the jammers are given 60 seconds to break away from the pack and lap the field. Each receives one point for every member of the opposing team he or she passes during a jam.

Blockers for both teams generally stay to the rear to prevent opposing jammers from scoring while each pivot man can either block or jam once any jammer has moved ahead of the pack.

There are assorted penalties, special regulations and exceptions to the above, however; to anyone who has seen a game, the rules are really there only to be broken. From the beginning it has been common practice for blockers to skate across the infield to catch up. Personal feuds are frequently allowed to interrupt scoring play and referees are constantly breaking up one squabble after another.

Though Roller Derby was forced to limit its activity to occasional exhibition games during the war, it managed to survive the passing of the marathons. But the post-war future looked discouraging, at least until 1948. Sensing the potential impact of television, Seltzer booked his troupe into the Lexington Street Armory in New York and talked CBS into broadcasting the first game to its ten network stations. Opening night filled only 450 of the hall's 3500 seats but by the next morning there was a line around the block. Roller Derby sold out for the rest of its booking.

The remainder of the story is a long series of variations on the television box office theme, faith-



Derby headed north to new headquarters in San Francisco.

"We were virtually non-existent by the late Fifties, but in 1958 we hooked up with another independent station in San Francisco (KTVU) and slowly developed the Bay Bombers as an attractive team. Of course we would have eventually run into the same 52-week business were it not for the advent of videotape in early 1959. With that advance, Roller Derby became truly McLuhanesque."

Working with videotape, Seltzer Jr., who had by this time taken over the reins from his father, developed a fool proof system for drawing an audience. He would send canned broadcasts of regular season games to stations in locales such as Reno, Nevada, and Portland, Oregon, which would in turn run the tapes for roughly three months in a weekly time slot. Then he would set up one night stands in each area and sell out. And he's been doing it ever since.

In the process of promoting Roller Derby as a creature of media, Seltzer has sliced away a lot of the sham which characterized the game's earlier years. But not all of it. That would ruin the box office. Still, he believes the game's basic appeal is that, like football, it offers a lot of action, a modicum of violence and (uniquely) an opportunity for women spectators to identify with the antics of their counterparts on the rink.

As in former times, the few players on every team are either good guys or bad guys. And depending



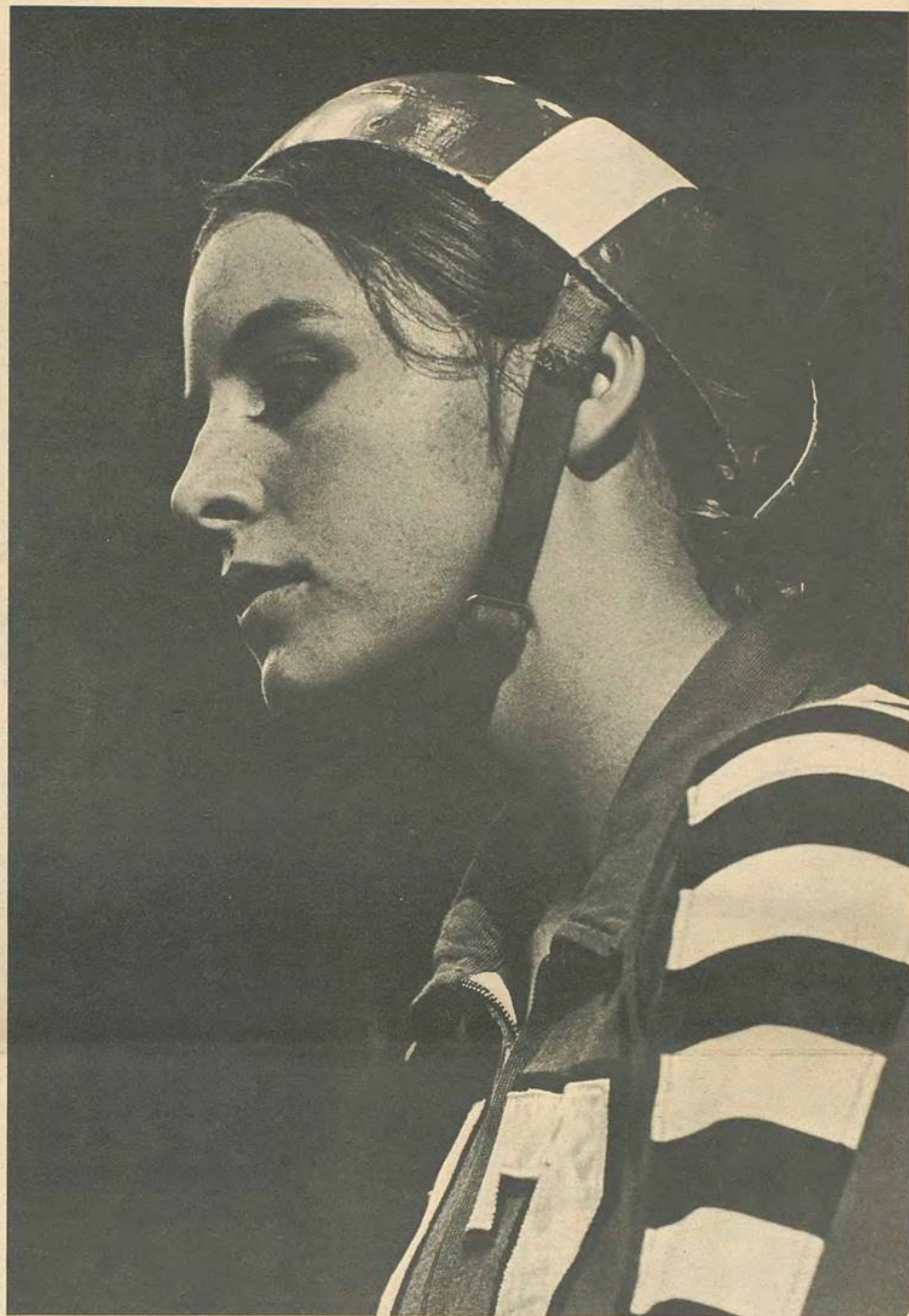
on their appeal to the crowd, they are paid accordingly. The best known figure in this category is 36-year-old Joan Weston of the Bay Bombers, a 15-year veteran who commands a following which can only be likened to a small scale children's crusade. A strapping career athlete (water skiing and solo kayak in the off season), "Joanie" cruises around the rink at 30 m.p.h. alternately toppling opponents of smaller stature and engaging in furious hair pulling wrestling matches. Weston is perfectly capable of whipping crowds into a frenzy within minutes. And they love it.

She is impressive. With blond hair in a ponytail and wearing a bright scarf around her neck, she glows with a robust attractiveness, exuding a Make Mine Milk freshness. Skating between halves, hands on hips, she reveals a face of ambiguous beauty—a smooth complexion and clear eyes, a square jaw and shallow nose.

Though she does not consider herself a swinging batcheloree, Joan spends the winter months in Honolulu managing her four condominiums (each costing \$35,000 plus) and surfing along Oahu's north shore. She could easily become a name in the surfing world for she has the type of charismatic personality which successfully dominates the field of any sport. "Joanie" is quite properly the Derby's blond bombshell.

The Weston counterpart in male virtuosos is "Mr. Roller Derby" Charlie O'Connell, coach of the Bay Bombers and a veritable white hat on skates. An impressive skater and accomplished showman, O'Connell is usually the first off the bench to lead his teammates into assorted free-for-alls "when the girls get in trouble." Having skated successfully well into his forties, O'Connell has invested his top-dollar earnings in a San Leandro, California night spot. Inside the Pandora Club one may listen or dance to live rock music amidst a notable collection of Roller Derby memorabilia.

Like several other league teams, the Bay Bombers conduct their own training school, consisting of a banked track in a converted warehouse near the Alameda Naval Air Station. Four nights a week (no spectators allowed) ex-Bomber star Bud Atkinson works with scores of aspirants in their late teens, most of whom are drawn from the middle and lower



income families who comprise the bulk of Roller Derby's patronage. Though few if any skating stars have college backgrounds, one can imagine the role which would be assigned to a rising star with a college diploma; in long hair and a peace pendant he would be cast as an ungrateful flower child, his very appearance an affront to right thinking and an honest day's work.

Though even an average skater must be in excellent physical condition, the healthy look of a high school letterman is somehow missing. In the glare of neon lights the dominant features are hard faces and sallow, flawed complexions. Though the uniforms worn by both sexes tend to obliterate distinctions, the absence of identifiable mannerisms renders classification even more difficult. As she skated around the track, one member of the Bombers regular squad personified the unisexual look: close cropped hair, clinched fists and the glint of perspiration above her upper lip—a picture of vaguely confused and contradictory dispositions.

Coach Atkinson pays little attention to the occasionally diffused character of his students, yet he is aware of the need for attractive, high caliber skaters. But until they arrive he may have to settle for the gorgeous gay spade in emerald pumps and bell bottoms who occasionally helps referee scrimmage games.

Reflecting another trend, an increasing number of black players have joined the ranks, the most celebrated being Sugar Ray Robinson's son Ronnie who skates for the New York Chiefs. The transition has been accomplished without any real grumbling yet the small percentage of black faces in the Roller Derby audience betrays a slight uneasiness with the changing character of the line-up. Still the world view of the average fan may in the long run be improved more by watching Roller Derby than innumerable seasons of Public Broadcast Laboratory.

While the spectator may absorb the good vibrations of brotherhood, there is absolutely no chance that he will listen to an argument that the whole business is hoked up. At best he will admit he has heard rumors to that effect but no more. Opposing teams may gyrate around the track in a delicately controlled ballet of cooperative gymnastics but to the fans it

is no more than a stellar display of someone's athletic prowess.

Of course it doesn't make a damn bit of difference whether the scores are arranged any more than the viewers care about seeing a videotape broadcast that is three months old. It's simply irrelevant. One could talk to a lot of ex-skaters who now own bars and bowling alleys and probably make a case but it would be wasted effort. One good judo chop and a hip block at full tilt carries more weight with the fans than any six bar fly testimonials.

The fact of the matter is that if anyone were ever stupid enough to try to elevate the game to the level of a major league professional sport he would not only lose his shirt but his skaters as well. A good Roller Derby skater hits 35 m.p.h. on a banked track and seldom goes a full season without a hip or back injury. If the lid were really taken off, players would be killed or maimed in inconscionable numbers—a feature as yet untested for box office appeal.

No, the grand spectacle and the contrived horseplay should go untampered, for there is no other public entertainment today which satisfies a need quite like the Roller Derby does. A visit to at least one game is mandatory.

It's all there to behold: small boys with their fathers, wearing zippered windbreakers, looking like little men . . . the rink medical attendant in a surgical green nylon beautician's coat, the look of a jaded ambulance driver in his eyes . . . the young referee who between calls stops to comb slick blond hair in a kind of early Elvis style . . . the teased cotton candy hairdos pinioned with plastic barrettes . . . the shrill staccato game description blaring through immense speakers, duplicating the commentary on television.

True, many patrons may have driven to the stadium in Chevy pick-ups with rear window gun racks and NRA stickers, but inside you can grab a hot dog on a stick, watch the girls have at it, and in spite of yourself get completely carried away by the end of the evening.

Anyway, where else can you stand up in a respectable public gathering and at the top of your voice exhort your favorite alter ego not to take any shit?

Have You Heard About Danny McCulloch?

This pretends to be a biographical sketch of an artist named Danny McCulloch, of whom you've heard undoubtedly because he has been heard of, and people who hear about people who are being heard of naturally have heard. But perhaps you hadn't heard about all of the things to be heard about.

Therefore.

One of the newest hearing things is that Danny McCulloch has signed a contract with Capitol. A long-term contract, and very exclusive, with creative control vested right in himself. It is a good contract, as those things go. It even includes his own production name, "Lamplight Productions," which is a pleasant enough name for something to hear about, just to start.

Therefore.

Danny McCulloch is from England where he was once a seven-year-old banjo player right on radio and television. He's older now, in many ways, particularly in the ways of music. Once, in between being a seven-year-old banjo player right on radio and television and being older now, he was heard of as a singer-instrumentalist on The Continent; and once, in between being a seven-year-old banjo player right on radio and television and being older now, he was heard of back in England as a member of something heard of as "Screaming Lord Sutch & The Savages," which only works with an ampersand. Once, too, after he had heard of and mastered all the stringed instruments there were, and even others without strings; he heard of Hamburg where many things were happening, and he went there. When he was there he was heard of by The Beatles, who were re-grouping themselves and asked him, because they had heard of him, to be their bassist. But he didn't think he would. So he didn't.

Therefore.

Danny McCulloch was on the verge of

being heard of by the people who hear of things, so he returned to England and made a hit record called "Bad Blood." It was heard of a lot.

And so soon thereafter he worked with American heard-ofs, for instance, Jerry Lee Lewis, John Hooker and assorted luminaries. For a time. Then he didn't do that any more, because Eric Burdon said he had heard of him and would like him to join The Animals. And he did and Eric liked that because Danny immediately wrote a nice hit record for them called "Sky Pilot." You've heard of it, too, because people who hear about things that are being heard of heard about that.

Danny and Eric and The Animals worked together very hard for more than three and a half years and thirty nice hit records. And they became famous from being heard of. But Danny wanted to write more music than even they could make heard of . . . so he tried to do it alone and still stay with them. But he couldn't. So he left.

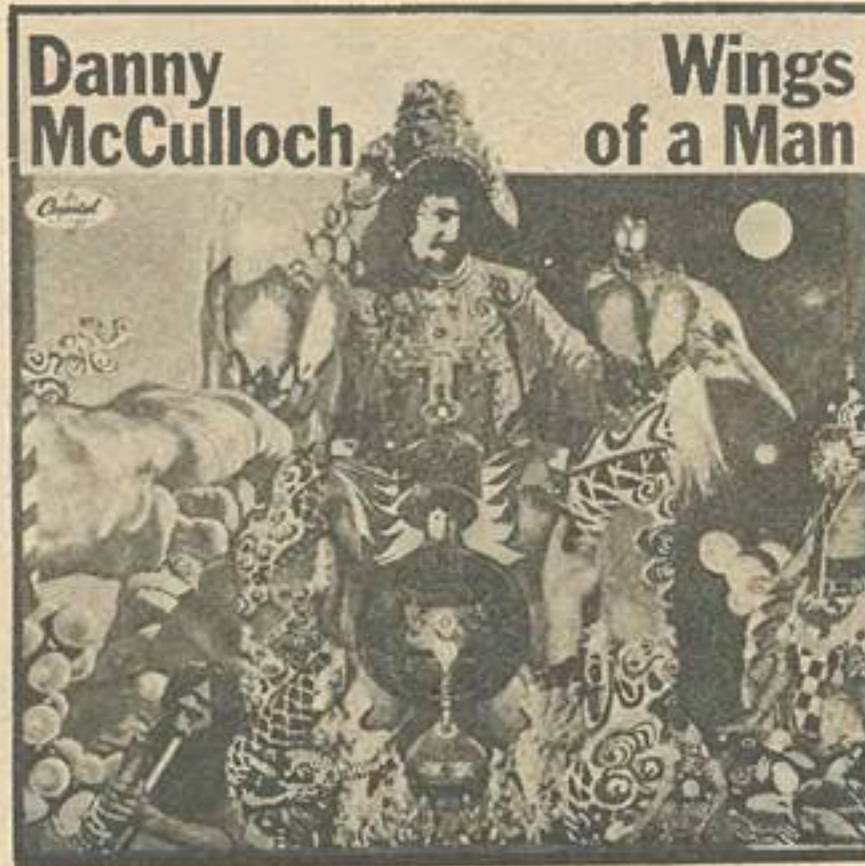
Danny says he considers being an Animal the biggest break of his career. He says he considers hearing of Ray Charles and Richie Havens the biggest influences on his career. He says he loves his wife Carol, and she was glad to have heard that. He just said, and maybe you haven't heard about this that he just said, that he wants to form a big band and really put on a show because the public is ready for hearing a big change in music and he'd like to make that for them, the public. He has a lot of music to give. A lot.

Therefore.

There are many new things to be heard of from Danny McCulloch, and since you're now one who has heard so much you will want to keep hearing what there is to be heard.

Therefore.

Start with his first album, "Wings of A Man." It deserves to be heard.



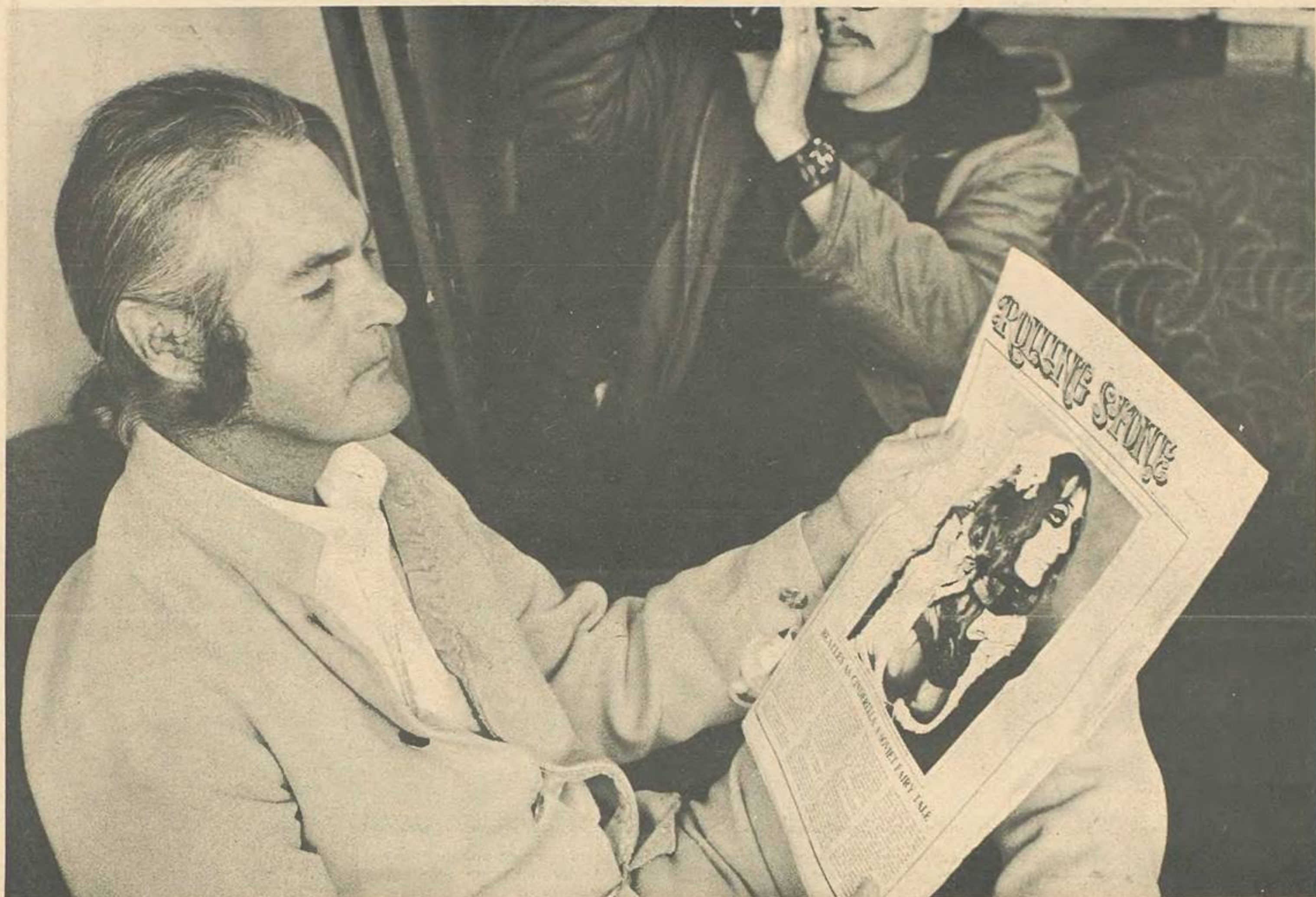
West is gentle country.



Bridges will take you there.



ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPE.



BOOKS

BY H. C. GARWICKER

High Priest by Timothy Leary. New American Library, 1968. 347 pp., \$7.95.

The Politics of Ecstasy by Timothy Leary. Putnam, 1968. 371 pp., \$6.95.

"To show something as everyone sees it is to have accomplished nothing."

... V. I. Pudovkin

A well-known psychologist has recently published two books that require a certain amount of historical perspective to evaluate, as the author's mercurial popularity has diminished beyond proportion to his extraordinary achievements.

Timothy Leary was born in 1920 in Springfield, Mass. He grew up in an exemplary upper-middle class environment with the intention of becoming a professional soldier. He received an appointment at West Point, but quit during his first year. Leary served in the Army during the war, and was partially deafened by an accident on a rifle range.

In 1950, he took a Ph.D. in clinical psychology at Berkeley, after graduating from the U. of Alabama and securing his master's from Washington State. He worked at the progressive Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland, and in 1953, became Director of Psychological Research.

Leary married after the war and fathered a boy and a girl, but his wife died suddenly and he took off for Europe, earning money as a visiting lecturer in Spain, Denmark, Italy, and Mexico. In 1959, he acquired a position at Harvard's Center for Research in Personality.

In August, 1960, Timothy Leary ate seven sacred mushrooms in Cuernavaca. He was impressed. Returning to Harvard in the fall, he instantly converted his colleague, Richard Alpert, the 29-year-old son of a wealthy railroad owner, and the two sedulously applied themselves to investigating hallucinogenic drugs. They conferred, for example, with Aldous Huxley, who was lecturing in the area. On January 15, 1961, they began their first full-scale experiment, a two-year pilot program involving 35 inmates at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution.

Doctors Leary and Alpert conducted a number of other experiments, dispensing 3500 doses of psilocybin to some

400 volunteer subjects. In late 1961 and early 1962, the work of Leary and Alpert attracted the disfavor of the medical profession, and simultaneously, the alleged incidence of student drug use on the Harvard campus began to alarm the administrators. Up to this point, however, the subject was largely restricted to the University and the medical journals. The first "leak" to the outside was an expository article on mescaline and psilocybin in the Harvard Crimson (February 20, 1962).

The article provoked a published letter from Leary and Alpert expressing concern over the casual use of the drugs, and an equally anxious note from Dr. D. L. Farnsworth (director of University Health Services) suggesting the dangers of using drugs of any kind. Farnsworth then called a private meeting of the Personality Center members to discuss Leary and Alpert, and the Crimson dispatched an undercover reporter.

The resulting story in the Crimson exploded the splenic meeting into regional news; the Boston papers picked it up, new people of all persuasions became involved, and campus interest in the drugs themselves was sharpened.

In Summer, 1962, Leary and Alpert went to Zihuatanejo, a fishing village near Acapulco, to consume drugs and to experience the spiritual and sensual insights facilitated by them. By now, they had switched from mescaline and psilocybin to the more powerful LSD.

By the time they returned to Harvard that fall, Leary and Alpert had switched their allegiances and ambitions as well. The old Alpert's greatest dream had been to become a tenured professor at Harvard. The new Alpert declared that the University was petty, uninteresting, and close-minded. Leary, the promising young scientist, announced the establishment of the International Federation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), an organization devoted entirely to consciousness exploration.

Farnsworth and John Monroe, dean of Harvard College, published a letter in the Crimson calling LSD a "serious psychiatric hazard," and warning against all drugs. Leary and Alpert rejoined by writing that LSD was no more dangerous than "psychoanalysis or a four-year enrollment in Harvard College." They predicted that LSD would become a major civil liberties issue. In February, 1963, IFIF began mailing packets of literature to members of the Harvard community, recounting their experiments and recruiting \$10 per year membership

fees. Alpert, meanwhile, was raising money from wealthy Boston citizens whom he turned on to acid.

In April, 1963, Leary disappeared from Cambridge without notifying the Harvard administration. The University set up an investigation, but all of Leary's students refused to help the committee, vowing loyalty to Leary and Alpert. One student, however, who apparently thought that the rest had talked, busted the two psychologists. Alpert wrote a long letter urging the University not to oppose the expansion of consciousness, but, in May, Harvard president Nathan Pusey used his office's dismissal power for the first time in a century to fire Leary for missing classes and Alpert for giving drugs to an undergraduate.

Not only did the Harvard Crimson applaud the University's actions, but the story hit Newsweek and other national magazines. Leary and Alpert were called "mad addicts" and drug fiends, and an epidemic of stories invaded the weeklies and monthlies about acid freak-outs and psychotic breaks, all featuring photos of someone in a corner with captions like "It was beautiful . . . and terrifying."

Refusing to be daunted, Alpert and Leary moved the IFIF offices from Boston to Cambridge, two blocks from Harvard Square. Then Leary opened a Mexico headquarters of IFIF, and received 5000 applications for the two-week sessions of \$200 plus \$6 per dose of LSD. The Mexican government, however, was not elated by Leary's presence, and summarily ordered him to leave the country in mid-June 1963.

Leary's deportation was covered widely by the American press, and his public career burgeoned as he dissolved IFIF and founded the Castalia organization at the 64-room mansion of banker William Hitchcock in Millbrook, N.Y. Alpert, at this time, took his acid campaign to the West Coast, where he wrote, lectured, and initiated legislation in favor of the individual's right to turn on.

In 1964 and 1965, getting stoned quietly at Millbrook, Leary broadened his nefarious reputation by publishing a manual for taking LSD based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and by presenting the first of his mixed-media "celebrations" live and filmed across the nation—sermons in which he preached his infamous epigram "turn on, tune in, drop out," accompanied by light shows, incense, beads, robes, ragas, and related prophetic paraphernalia. These produc-

tions lost Leary \$10,000 at the box office, but established him firmly as the world's foremost acid head.

1966 was the big year for LSD. Life magazine ran a cover story in March, referring to the "mental riot" precipitated by the drug. Newsweek published pieces about Leary and LSD in three of its spring and summer issues. Time, Look and The New Yorker blessed their readers with unreasonable accounts of Leary's activities, his dissipation, his commercialism, etc., etc. Leary went on TV, Leary was interviewed, Leary published articles and books (*Psychedelic Prayers* after the *Tao Te Ching*). Leary was busted for smuggling a few grains of marijuana from Mexico (sentenced to 30 years), and was arrested by an army of police at Millbrook a month later. Books and articles about LSD proliferated, legal proscriptions strengthened, more and more acid was made and distributed, and throughout it all, Timothy Leary's name remained near the eye of the controversy.

As the legions of LSD users expanded, it became obvious that Dr. Leary, while he had represented at one time a large elite of poets, philosophers, academic intellectuals, rich therapy-seekers, freaks and experimenters of various kinds, did not speak for this second generation of acid heads who were younger and were turning on to acid after a year or so of pot, considerably altering of their LSD experiences. Leary became unfashionable with "hip" youth (drugs, rock music, revolution), and was considered a dogmatic, pretentious opportunist who related LSD exclusively to spiritual and molecular inquiry and used the profits to buy suits and ties and attache cases against the dissolution of his hysterical sincerity. The New Yorker (late 1966) after a slighting description of a Leary celebration at the Village Theater, remarked: "With his disheveled hair and his white garments . . . he looked like a shipwrecked sailor, and very much alone." In a 1967 Look article by J. M. Flagler, Leary himself said, "I'm already an anachronism in the LSD movement."

Those few who respected Leary throughout his chemical career, and especially in the years 1966 through 1968, read Leary's 1966 Playboy interview, his Realist interview of the same year, or some of the other pieces collected in his new book *The Politics of Ecstasy*, a valuable anthology of Dr. Leary's writings, lectures, and interviews.

The Politics of Ecstasy combines some
—Continued on Page 25

Blood, Sweat and Tears



Blood, Sweat and Tears keep good company. Hear Erik Satie, Steve Winwood, Laura Nyro, and Billie Holiday played with pure rock power in a big brass band. "Blood, Sweat and Tears"...not black, but blue and beautiful.

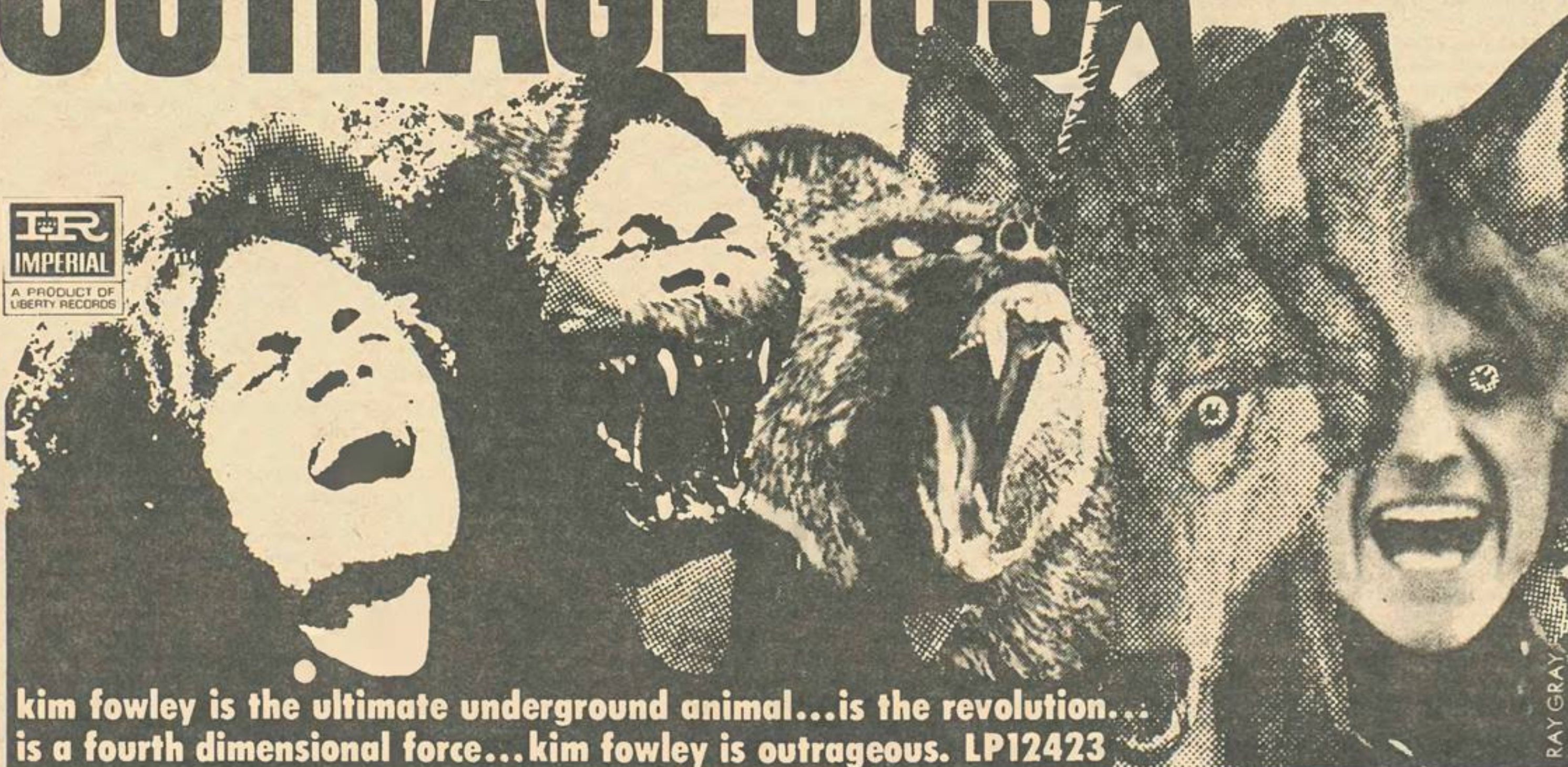
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LOTTIE



Night Was a Better Blanket

BY LOTTI GOLDEN

(Play G7-C7—over and over —)

Michael was a siren
and a street god
. . . and he said chicks called
him Lucifer, because
when he got wasted
one eye would nod out
in the corner
. . . and when I wasn't
riding his truth machine,
anabell and johnny and
me
. . . would go down to the
eastside docks and
watch the sun
do the boogaloo
on the water—like
a million joshua light
shows, and all the
day sounds and boat sounds
would be otis
. . . and when the music
was over, we'd split
back thru the funk
to the stoop on Henry Street,

and johnny would
paint designs on anabell's
worn-ass-dungarees . . . and
he'd draw flowers on me,
and sometimes we'd visit
al, who would be drinking
teaspoons of honey and
he'd give us some
. . . or we'd go up ephram's pad
and he'd usually do us some
red
. . . which was always good,
but it made his room very ugly
with his sheetless torn cot—
—like old men's funeral suits
and with lame freakout
paint-splashed on the
dry itchy walls
—and soon they'd all be
nodding,
. . . including anabell . . .
and if I didn't, would
begin to drown on jupiter . . .
. . . in a poison gas prison,
and I would run out
into the hallway
. . . and the tiles would be
old bloodrings,
and broken glass
and dynamite blasts
of funk and skunk
tails, and rusty pails . . .
and if I made it to
the street
—the night was a
better blanket,
and sometimes i'd
see howie or
marty incognito
. . . down by the essex

meat market
and he'd follow me
into the subway
and take off his shades.
And if his eyes were
X-ray tombs,
. . . he'd ask me if I had any,
and we'd go to
uncle's and nod . . .
. . . and one time
all of us went to
brooklyn to get our
heads together, and
when we got back,
we went up old fay's
with her french poodles—
—that she called Cocoa
and Mischief—and she
said they were better
than her children,
. . . and then Howie came
. . . and with his german
shepherd and started
a dog fight, and every-
one was laughing and
Fay was screaming for
the boys to get out
. and that we were tryin'
to kill her dogs . . . and
if she stopped screamin' . . .
she'd tell me about
daisy chains, and she'd
say, "wattaya
hangin' around with

these no good bums
?? for ???"
It was about the time
that michael's truth
machine was beginning
to breakdown,
that I hardly ever
saw him without his
shades
. and so I started
splittin' to silks,
who would keep my
head together, but
I would still see
cinderellas in the
tuna sandwiches she
made me . . . but I couldn't
get my mind off michael,
and his heavy machine,
because I kept lookin'
in my coffee and
seein' him hedding
for the fall
. and I didn't want
to see him go down . . .
. . . and silky would
laugh and call me
"her lotti," and she'd
try on all my clothes
and make fake model poses
in the skinny mirror

. and after she split from
the space queens, she cut
her hair and moved uptown,
. . . and soon . . .
the ice months started to
melt . . . and spring made
me get together a band
and our music moved us
up and down the east coast
with cold motels
and fat club owners—
—who called me long legs—
and soon the band
wasn't as tight as I thought
so I split back to N.Y.C.
and started makin' it to
the Big C's olympus-pad—
—and I rapped and sang
like some crazy minstrel
and he said o.k.—i'll
do it—so we made this
record.

Lotti Golden is a 19-year-old singer from New York City. She has an album coming out soon on Atlantic Records, produced by Bob Crewe, and this is the story of how she came to make the album.

BOOKS

—Continued from Page 22

of the most articulate statements ever made about the experience of LSD (Playboy Interview) with chapters on individual freedom and sensible education, lectures against war, essays on Hesse, descriptions of religious experiences, charts on drugs, accounts of colossal early LSD transactions, and additional standard Leary material (orgasms, rock bands, cellular exploration, etc.).

Leary begins with a chapter called "The Seven Tongues of God," where he describes the religious experience: "the ecstatic, incontrovertibly certain, subjective discovery of answers to the seven basic spiritual questions"; which run from What is Life? and What is the underlying energy of the universe? to Who am I? Priests and theologians who avoid this kind of religious experience are the first on Leary's extensive shit list of non-LSD-users. Of more intimate concern to Leary, perhaps, is his indictment of modern psychopharmacology "written and practiced by scientists who do not take drugs . . . about events they have never experienced." Both of these charges are undoubtedly justified, are stated directly, and supported cogently.

Deeper in the book, Leary defends the freedom to get high, one of his central contentions, and rails against the "swelling metal voice" that says "ecstasy is bad, ecstasy is escape, ecstasy is dangerous." Leary's alternative is simple, and once again correct: ecstasy is good.

Chapter Seven is Leary's 1966 Playboy interview. He ranges from his bust at Millbrook to his mentors—Gandhi, Socrates, Jesus, Lao-tse—to his 40 acid trips in the maximum security prison as part of the Massachusetts experiment. Chapter Eleven is a long 1966 interview with Paul Krassner that begins, "I'd like to try not posing a single question you've ever been asked before," and succeeds admirably.

Elsewhere, Leary expresses his admiration for the Beatles, Stones, Dylan, Donovan, and the Airplane. He attacks the "menopausal Left-Right" for perpetuating greedy wars and stifling individual freedom. He raps about Hesse and labels Govinda's vision in *Siddhartha* a "classic LSD sequence." He tells of the young Sandoz executive who handed him five grams of pure acid in an elevator, and the "top chemist" who turned him on to 1000 grams in hollowed-out books mailed from all over the country. ("In hardly any time at all, we had given away nearly 10 million doses.")

But Leary's most important and unsettling pronouncements involve education. "Can you believe this phrase, compulsory education? This means that if you don't go to the state brainwashing institutes built by the aging, you and your parents are arrested by policemen who carry guns." To Krassner, he says, "I'd rather have my kids take heroin than to go to a first grade grammar school in this country . . . the University is an institution for consciousness contraction . . . the most hopeful development in the last 10 years has been the dropout phenomenon."

While these positions appear to be temperate, scrutiny reveals that only the diction is extreme, the essence of Leary's statements is an unavoidable reality: our schools are turning out warriors, bigots, and myopics who in this hour of abysmal crisis could think of nothing better to do than to elect Richard Nixon President of the United States. In our universities, businessmen and politicians have control, teachers cringe like Hollywood writers. And the majority of the teachers themselves—taught by conservatives—are intellectually and politically stagnant before they reach the podium.

Leary urges "students at every level of education to drop out . . . quit school." His alternative is small group learning—"Find a teacher or a tutor," and become directly involved with the subject to be learned, dispensing with nearly all of the studying.

Leary's alternatives, in education as well as in politics and ethics, are those of a man too profoundly disillusioned to even attempt the amelioration and revitalization of our entire national structure; for Leary it is too late. *The Politics of Ecstasy*, then, is not a revolutionary book, but rather the tract of a personal utopian, urging total disengagement from a corrosive network of governments, advocating individual and small group exploration on all levels—particularly the spiritual and metaphysical—that to do not harm fellow humans.



BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

This story is a close friend or perhaps even a lover to a story called "Elmira." They both deal in a way with the Long Tom River and the time when I was young, a teen-ager, and somehow the Long Tom River was a part of my spiritual DNA.

I really needed that river. It was the beginning answers to some very complicated questions in my life that I am still trying to work out.

I'm quite aware that Richard Brautigan has written a novel called *Trout Fishing in America* that deals thoroughly with trout fishing and its kaleidoscope of environments, so I'm a little embarrassed to try something in the same theme, but I'm going to go ahead because this is a story that I have to tell.

I used to go fishing on the Long Tom River way back in the mountains where the river in parts wasn't much wider than a coffee table with a best seller sitting on it.

The trout were little cutthroats between six and ten inches long and a lot of fun to catch. I really got good at fishing the Long Tom and could take my limit of ten fish in little over an hour if I had any kind of luck at all.

The Long Tom River was forty miles away. I usually hitch-hiked there late in the afternoon and would leave in the twilight to hitch-hike the forty miles back home.

A few times I hitch-hiked there in the rain and fished in the rain and hitch-hiked back in the rain. I travelled eighty miles in a wet circle.

I'd get out at a bridge across the Long Tom and fish down half a mile to another bridge across the river. It was a wooden bridge that looked like an angel. The river was sort of murky. It was gentle fishing between the bridges, down through a lazy dripping landscape.

Below the second bridge, which looked like a white wooden angel, the Long Tom River flowed into very strange

ways. It was dark and haunting and went something like this: Every hundred yards or so there was a large open swamp-like pool and then the river flowed out of the pool into a fast shallow run covered over closely with trees like a shadowy knitted tunnel until it reached the next swampy pool and very seldom did I let the Long Tom River call me down into there.

But late one August afternoon I had fished down to the angel bridge and the fishing hadn't been very good. I only had four or five trout.

It was raining and very warm up there in the mountains and edging toward sundown and actually it may have been early twilight. I couldn't tell exactly what time it was because of the rain.

Anyway: I was taken by some goofy kid reason to try a little fishing down below the bridge into those knitted river tunnels and big swampy open pools.

It was really too late to go down into there and I should have just turned around and got out of there and hitch-hiked the forty miles back home through the rain.

I should have let well enough alone. But, Oh no, I started fishing down into there. It was tropical in the tunnels and I was catching trout where the tunnels flowed into the big swampy pools. Then I'd have to wade around the pools through deep warm mud.

I lost a trout that went about thirteen inches long and that really got my excitement up, so I continued fishing down further and further until I was six swampy pools past the wooden angel bridge when suddenly, out of nowhere, the light just dropped away within a few moments, falling into total night and there I was halfway around the sixth swampy pool in the dark, and in front of me there was nothing but darkness and water, and behind me was nothing but darkness and water.

The strangest God-damn feeling of fear shook through me. It was just like a crystal chandelier made out of adrenaline swaying wildly in an earthquake, and I turned around and fled up the river, splashing like an alligator around the big swampy pools and running like a dog up the shallow tunnels.

Every horror in the world was at my back, at my sides and directly in front of me and they were all without names and had no shape but perception itself.

When at last I ran out of the final tunnel and saw the dim white outline of the bridge standing out against the night, my soul was born again through a vision of rescue and sanctuary.

As I got closer and closer, the bridge bloomed like a white wooden angel in my eyes until I was sitting on the bridge, resting and soaking wet but not at all cold in the constant rain of the mountain evening.

I hope that Richard Brautigan will forgive me for writing this story.

tics of *Ecstasy*, then, is not a revolutionary book, but rather the tract of a personal utopian, urging total disengagement from a corrosive network of governments, advocating individual and small group exploration on all levels—particularly the spiritual and metaphysical—that to do not harm fellow humans.

Leary's prose is often bombastic and vague and cute, but his complaints are clear, and horrendously legitimate. If one accepts Dr. Leary's solutions, then *The Politics of Ecstasy* is a friendly and rewarding book; if one recognizes his complaints but not his alternatives, then *The Politics of Ecstasy* is a depressing and frustrating book.

High Priest is a history of the "collective consciousness and collaborative behavior of several thousand people—spiritual researchers who have shared dark confusions and bright hopes, given their emotion, muscle, brain, and risked

scorn and social isolation to pursue the psychedelic yoga." According to Leary, "This book is the first of a four volume biblical account of the birth, structural growth, exile, return, persecution, redemption, and flowering of the LSD religious cult."

High Priest is a series of trips that Leary has taken with some of his illustrious colleagues, Aldous Huxley ("head like a multilingual encyclopedia"), Allen Ginsberg, Frank Barron, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs ("My work and understanding benefits from hallucinogens measurably. Wider use would lead to better work conditions on all levels"), and others. Leary's book looks like some of the earlier Donald Barthelme stories—three inches of text next to an inch of marginal chronicle ranging from chemical formulas to quotes from John Fowles and what the trip guide was thinking.

High Priest is less self-conscious than

The Politics of Ecstasy, more anecdotal, less polemical, and it features Dr. Leary at his best—relating stories about himself and his friends and all of the acid they took. Nevertheless, *High Priest* confirms Dr. Leary's most egregious literary fault as repetition. An attempt to collect his most significant pieces must be strictly edited to prevent the reader from coming upon identical passages or identical ideas again and again.

The least interesting parts of *High Priest* are the inevitable descriptions of LSD experiences: "My flesh decomposing, merging with a million strange bodies . . . larval flesh . . ." and so on. This should have gone out with the first LSD features in *Today's Health*. Dr. Leary also reiterates unnecessarily his basic conception of the value of psychedelic drugs: "(They) allow us to study—directly, experientially, empirically, the problems which gave perplexed philosophers for millennia—What is real? What is true? What is good? What is beautiful?"

High Priest includes a rich bibliography of the work of Leary, Alpert, Ralph Metzner, Frank Barron, and related spiritual researchers. Be assured that the pursuit of the psychedelic yoga is in good heads.

One phrase from Leary's preface to *High Priest* provides the key to his declension in favor among the 1967 and 1968 LSD-taking public: "the LSD religious cult." Dr. Leary's well-intentioned but relentless insistence upon religion and religious ceremonies and his articulation of the LSD experience in the "spiritual" lexicon of cellular and molecular awareness tend to alienate him from the head in San Francisco who drops acid and goes to the Fillmore or the freak in L.A. who takes acid and pilots his motorcycle on the freeways. The wide majority of people who take LSD are ignorant of or hostile to Jesus, the *I Ching*, *The Magus*, and the rest of Leary's religious influences. Most want nothing to do with religious ritual of any kind. Leary, while he performs the inestimably valuable service of trying to make LSD legitimate in theological, scientific, and academic milieux, has lost contact with those who already support his heterodoxies.

Perhaps it is one of Leary's limitations that he seldom writes for those who eschew religion of all types, but it would be unjust for readers to discard all of his thinking and his work because some of it is religious. Dr. Leary's major considerations transcend religion, ritual, science, and philosophy—his concern is for freedom, and its correlative, the freedom to learn under conditions of freedom.

The search for freedom is the essence of the experience and polemic of Timothy Leary. He was run out of Harvard and Mexico, he is hounded by the police, he is bullied or ignored by members of his profession, by doctors, educators, theologians, and journalists. The enemies of Leary responsible for these harassments are attempting to deprive him of his earned right to be taken seriously; they are trying desperately to discredit a man and his vision out of fear, ignorance, and traditionalism. Leary's writings on the freedom of the individual threaten their establishment's programs for education—the conditioning of the masses to obey and to buy—to the extent that society will not recognize the issues Leary raises as problems of civil rights, science, medicine, and education. Society dismisses Leary's activities as misguided and demented eccentricities, thereby avoiding any kind of analysis or confrontation.

Furthermore, complaints of commercialism, irrelevance, and prolixity aimed at Leary are meaningless compared to the magnitude of his rejection of the sacred values of western civilization, and his genuine dedication to communicating his convictions to a hostile world.

We need not embrace everything that Leary says, any more than everything that Cleaver or Godard say, or McLuhan, Mailer, Hesse, Burroughs, Marcuse, Jerry Rubin, or Buddy Miles say. That they are on our side is enough. Both *The Politics of Ecstasy* and *High Priest* are profitable reading for those not enamored of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, psychedelic poems, or instructions on how to take an acid trip. The two volumes form a rambling and readable personal history of a phenomenal decade in the life of a West Point dropout, Ph.D. clinician, and Harvard lecturer who gave away ten million doses of acid in hardly any time at all.

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BY DAVID GANCHER

Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs are a professional tradition more than a contemporary musical force. They have survived—and thrived—as a mixture of Grand Ole Opry corn-pone and modern McLuhan media sophistication. Flatt & Scruggs are still folk musicians because they are still folk.

They may be world-travellers, but they are Nashville artists. Their roots, like their music, are southern and rural. They cultivate their Bluegrass roots and do not rebel against them; they play to their culture, not against it, reflecting an older view of what a musician is—Flatt & Scruggs are gentlemen, respectable and modest, not intentional Freaks of America. Far from it. They intend entertainment, not therapy. They are decent, upstanding folk; short haircuts, conservative clothing (if Nashville styles can be considered conservative), wives, families, hobbies.

Their music, too, does not aim at the Agony-and-the-Ecstasy that is common today. It is smooth, confident, and easy. At its most emphatic and soulful, their music has a melancholy and windy thrust, best heard in pieces like Scruggs' "Foggy Mountain Breakdown." The excitement comes from inside the music, and only incidentally from the skill and ease with which it is played. Something about the rolling rhythm, the frail intensity of the banjo, the "high and lonesome" sound strikes something deep in the myth of the American Temper.

Something much like the pace of *Bonnie and Clyde*. And something as down-home as Martha White Self-Rising Flour ("It's got Hot-Rise"). At their worst, Flatt & Scruggs can seem as mindless and obvious as the Beverly Hillbillies. In fact, Flatt & Scruggs are like the Beverly Hillbillies in at least one respect—both of them are modern packaging of traditional modes of behavior.

Onstage, Flatt & Scruggs are bouncy and good-humored: string ties, stainless Stetsons, songs full of Trains A'Comin', the banjo lyrical, the guitars by International Harvester. The band does not jam—the arrangements are set, and a song will be very nearly identical from one night to the next. The material in style is traditional; the lyrics, like the accents, are rural. Flatt & Scruggs have resisted amplification, despite the difficulties involved in playing places like San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom, where they have played twice in the last year.

Earl Scruggs quietly prowls around the stage, concentrating on his playing, which is the musical center of the group. Flatt's guitar playing is rhythmic and, well, rhythmic. Buck "Uncle Josh" Graves, the dobro, is good but hokey. His playing brings it home that the steel guitar is a much more versatile instrument than the unamplified dobro guitar.

Lester Flatt does the singing—he stands up straight, tilts his head up, and sounds sincere. (In profile, he looks a lot like Hubert Humphrey, who would probably do better if he took up Bluegrass and toured with a band.) Flatt's singing tends to take the wind out of the lyrics; he sings them clearly and all that, but the words seem to lose meaning, they seem to become polite exercises in voice control. This can be disturbing, especially when the song has good lyrics, like "Jimmy Brown," or "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." Lester also takes care of most of the rap. He comes on with Snappy Patter, complete with jokes, witty sayings, and Sincere Thank-You's From All the Boys in the Band.

Their act is heavy with their popular numbers: "The Ballad of Jed Clampett" (otherwise known as the Beverly Hillbillies theme), "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" (otherwise known as the *Bonnie and Clyde* theme), and "Martha White" (otherwise known as their theme—from older radio days). Because their instruments are unamplified, their act is almost choreographed, as each musician jockeys for position, trying to get in front of a mike in time for his solo. At times it gets a bit frantic, Earl struggling to break through the chorus as Lester is backing away from the mike. But after all, they've been together since 1948 with essentially the same act, so they've gotten very professional, and their shows run smoothly.

It's a relief to see a group that doesn't have amplifier trouble.

Offstage, Lester and Earl are quiet, Earl especially so. Their music is second nature to them, so they do not theorize about it, or even try to explain it. Neither of them talk very much about music—their own or anyone else's. Earl

says that he doesn't listen to music much; he gets sick of it, playing so much of the time. Like most musicians they don't like being on tour; they like the different audiences, but the routine of airports, hotel rooms, dressing rooms and changing hours wears them down.

Their sidemen are just that—hired musicians paid to accompany and embellish the real act. On stage they assume personalities—the rhythm guitar, Johnny Johnson, is funny in a demented way; at a concert at the Avalon he kept shouting "Sock it to me" at peculiar moments. Offstage they play cards, comb their hair, and ask Lester if they can go out for coffee. They are serious men, working musicians. They look like they sell insurance for a hobby.

campuses, the Hungry i, the Avalon, and even Japan. They are planning to tour England next year.

When they were in San Francisco recently, they were being filmed for a one-hour documentary to be called "Anatomy of a Tradition." A long-haired, mustached film crew was with them at the Avalon, filming them walking up the stairs, standing in the middle of the dance-floor leaning on their instrument cases (empty), and gazing with what was meant to be awe at the "wonder of it all."

Flatt & Scruggs are "commercial" in a grand way, yet they have managed to avoid being called sell-outs; they have not sacrificed the integrity of their style to money. Like the Beatles, they carry

FLATT & SCRUGGS



BARON WOLMAN

When they're not on the road, Flatt & Scruggs are part of one branch of the Nashville music scene. They live in Madison, a suburb of Nashville that sounds like Country Music's version of Marin County. The Scruggs live next to Mother Maybelle Carter—who still plays terrific autoharp and does concerts wearing a tight evening gown. Johnny Cash lives close by; Mrs. Cash is Maybelle's daughter, June Carter. Doc Watson lives around them. Roy Acuff used to.

There is a lot of interaction between members of the Madison set. Flatt & Scruggs did an album of Carter Family songs with Maybelle. Their newest album includes Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues." Earl Scruggs and Doc Watson have done on album together and will do another. A righteous neighborhood.

Their music may be centered around the South in general, and Nashville in particular, but Flatt & Scruggs' prosperity is also due to some very wide-ranging and untraditional packaging-and-promotional moves. They were one of the first country bands to appear regularly on radio; they have since gotten into TV with the Beverly Hillbillies, and the movies, with *Bonnie & Clyde*. They still appear on Grand Ole Opry, but they also play Disneyland, college

their audience wherever they go. They are responsible for the popularization of Bluegrass; as a result of their popularity they have at least two, and possibly three, completely different audiences.

First, there are the down-home folk, the ones who listen to Grand Ole Opry regularly, buy Martha White Flour, own the Democratic party, and think of Flatt & Scruggs as "real fine fellows." They buy their records because Flatt & Scruggs are Grand Ole Opry musicians, and one of them.

Second, there are the city "appreciators" of country music, the ones who go to the Avalon to see them. They like Flatt & Scruggs because they are fine musicians—among these fans Scruggs first attracted a following of aspiring banjo players. The city-set think of Flatt & Scruggs as "authentic" country musicians, real ones.

A third set of fans are those overseas—like the Country and Western Society of Japan, which awarded Flatt & Scruggs the "Crown Award" in 1968 and the Japanese who recently jammed a series of concerts in Tokyo and nearly caused a riot when Lester and Earl showed up at what they thought would be an ordinary autograph session.

Luckily, all three sets of fans like Flatt & Scruggs the way they are. The Southerners think they're "natural," the

city-set think they're "authentic"; perhaps the Japanese think they're cute. Interestingly, the different fans don't make conflicting demands on Flatt & Scruggs. Occasionally, some of the Grand Ole Opry listeners write letters complaining that Flatt & Scruggs have abandoned them, have gone "pop," but Flatt & Scruggs define their audience in more commercial terms. They may be Nashville people, but they play for anyone who will buy records and go to concerts.

These complaints do point out, though, that Flatt & Scruggs are more than mere musicians to many of their fans. As bluegrass musicians they are not unsurpassed; there are better bands around. A great deal of their popularity is due to the fact that they are identified with (and at times almost synonymous with) southern life. Not plantation and magnolia, but funky rural life.

Their three most popular numbers have been "The Ballad of Jed Clampett," "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," and probably good old "Martha White." In each case, it is not really the music that is popular, but what the music evokes. "Jed Clampett" evokes nostalgia for the hillbilly, probably the only true American peasant. "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" evokes the wandering, the rootless, listless violence of America, and "Martha White" evokes—among other things—Good-Ole-Finger-Lickin'-Good-Home-Cooking.

Despite their commercialism, Flatt & Scruggs don't offend the various purists among their fans. This is because they are completely true to their material. They know their style as well as they know themselves. They're on top of it—it never runs away with them, or takes control of their music. Whenever they bring in new material, they adapt it to their style. They do not "go through changes."

Their new album *Nashville Airplane*, has a lot of popular material: "Gentle On My Mind," "Folsom Prison Blues," "If I Were a Carpenter," "Like a Rolling Stone," "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," and "Rainy Day Women, No. 12 & 35." The choice of material is mildly surprising, but after all, country music has been moving in on rock for a long time, and vice versa (to a lesser degree). Their versions of these numbers work, for the most part.

The Dylan songs lose a lot of the power of the lyrics, because they are smoothed out and done faster than Dylan does them. Sometimes, as on "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," their grasp of the material is authoritative—the song sounds like it was written for them. Perhaps it was. But the net result is not Dylan songs being done by excellent country musicians, as one might hope. Instead, what comes out are Flatt & Scruggs songs, which happen to be written by Dylan. Yet the album is good: tight, entertaining, and listenable. It isn't surprising, but who expects musical surprises from Flatt & Scruggs?

They like the new material, personally. Earl says that the Dylan stuff is "real fine, good stuff, but hard to do." Lester thinks it is "very interesting material," but seems to have a little difficulty, at least in person, wrapping his mouth around Dylan's turgid lyrics.

The decision to "modernize," to use material like Dylan and Hardin songs, was probably made by their producer, Bob Johnston. Johnston is a heavy in the recording industry—not just in country music. He produces many good artists, among them, Dylan and Simon & Garfunkel. Flatt & Scruggs trust his judgment; he doesn't seem to make mistakes, ever. Their records sell well, and Bob wears string ties and lives in Nashville. On the business end, many of the more daring moves into new fields—Japan, Disneyland, the documentary—are the doings of their manager, Mrs. Scruggs, Earl's wife. She is an attractive, charming woman—and does a lot of the group's talking. She has a wary eye and, to judge by their success, a devotion to business.

Flatt & Scruggs have a good organization, but the real basis for their impact is their integrity—their ability to play bluegrass music, to make virtually anything into bluegrass—TV theme songs, Flour ads, Dylan stone-rhapsodies. It may be true, as someone once theorized, that style is a series of limitations, not abilities. If so, Flatt & Scruggs ought to thank their "limitations" and continue cranking on, the embodiment of slick bluegrass. First Nashville, then the World.

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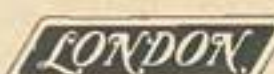


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The Worm, Jimmy McGriff Organ & Blues Band (Solid State SS 18045)

Count's Rock Band, Steve Marcus (Vortex 2009)

These records represent three different ways of hooking jazz up with pop music. Ellis' band plays straight jazz, but wraps it in a hyped-up package which (Ellis and Columbia Records hope) will give it popularity beyond the jazz audience. McGriff comes out of the funky-tough organ school (the sound of his organ has all the clamor and sweat of a black after-hours club in it) with a rhythm section that combines the best of Stax/hard-bop/Motown/Chicago blues. Marcus, the personification of that rock/jazz fusion thing the expensive critics like to dwell on, puts avant garde solos (of the Ornette-Ayler-Taylor school) up against a sort of electric-acid (Cream-Hendrix-Airplane) rhythm section, and winds up neither here nor there.

It is impossible to say whether Ellis—whose huge band plays all those tricky meters—or Marcus has taken on the more challenging assignment. It is possible to say that, while the Ellis record provides the most exciting moments, McGriff (who's just doing what comes naturally) has gotten the best-realized overall album together. On the other hand, the Marcus LP leaves you with the feeling of a failed experiment, and ultimately is unlistenable. It *does* suggest possibilities for the future, but that's all.

There are two amazing tracks on Ellis' *Autumn*, all the more so because the rest of the record is the pretentious kind of crap Ellis has led us to expect. "Pussy Wiggle Stomp," for instance, fea-



tures Ray Coniff voicings and 47 monotonous false endings (you know you've finally reached the end on the chorus where Ellis plays a fart sound on his amplified trumpet); "Variations for Trumpet" spotlights Ellis, at a loss for ideas, but not for notes; and "Child of Ecstasy" is cold and dead, like something dug up from the Stan Kenton graveyard. "Scratt & Fluggs," a breakdown in 5/4, works better than the aforementioned—it sounds like a Turkish hoe-down—but is just too cute for comfort.

It's on "KC Blues," a Charlie Parker tune, and Ellis's own "Indian Lady" (previously recorded but not nearly this well) that the band takes off. It hardly sounds like the same people, and maybe this is because it was recorded live (by producer Al Kooper [!])—though Ellis's past live recordings have been just as lame as the studio dates. On the blues, the band is loose and grooving, with a strong, luxurious introduction from Frank Strozier's alto, and a charging John Klemmer tenor passage. The Indian lady receives Ellis' best recorded trumpet solo, fleet, gutty, funny, his Dizzy-cum-Harry-James style firmly

under control, overlaid with a dazzling assortment of sounds from his amplifier. Then there's a knockout tailgate/avant garde trombone solo, and a wild shouting match between two saxophones, later in the cut. These two tracks account for nearly half the record and are worth the full price. Ignore the rest of it.

There's less to be said about McGriff and *The Worm*, because it's a record just to groove to. Nothing profound intended. McGriff uses Blue Mitchell, a crackling good trumpet player, and two lesser known saxophone players, Fats Theus and Danny Turner; and they, along with McGriff, snap off sizzling solos every time. It blows my mind to imagine either Electric Flag or Blood & Tears with these horn players. The arrangements, the slamming rhythm section, the soloists—everything is right on. For starters, dig what they do with Aretha's "Think," then hear the way McGriff and the whole band build and build and build to the climax of "Girl Talk." Whew! A perfect Saturday night-Sunday morning album.

Count's Rock Band sounds like a bunch of far-out young New York jazz

musicians got together and said, okay, dig, let's do a rock/jazz thing; that's where it's at. It's probably unfair to state it in such bold terms, but that is how it sounds: like a forced wedding. In his attempt to sound heavy the bassist instead winds up sluggish and heavy-handed. The drummer pulls equally from the avant-garde and Ginger Baker patterns, never having located any common meeting ground. The pianist (we'll spare names, because each of these musicians has sounded worlds better in other surroundings) is lost between crashing Cecil Taylorisms and the repetitive chordings he thinks add up to rock and roll. Steve Marcus normally does *not* simply blow borrowed Coltrane, but that's about all he's got to offer here—a series of second-hand licks that he plays *into the ground*.

The *really* embarrassing tracks are "Backstreet Girl" and "Scarborough Fair," very much (incredibly) in the cutie-pie style of the Lawrence Welk reed section. There's even a Paris street accordionist intro to "Backstreet Girl." Only Larry Coryell makes sense of this undigested morass. On "Ooh Baby" and the former Gary Burton sideman tears "Theresa's Blues" off two masterfully thundering guitar solos that indicate, in passing, what this date might have been, had the rest of the band had been able to pull it all together.

Not to say that jazz and rock can never merge. It's happening all the time, as jazz players assimilate the best of rock and vice versa. But by the time a natural fusion of the two has really happened, nobody will even notice it. It will just be the music people play.

JOHN BURKS



Led Zeppelin (Atlantic SD8216)

The popular formula in England in this, the aftermath era of such successful British bluesmen as Cream and John Mayall, seems to be: add, to an excellent guitarist who, since leaving the Yardbirds and/or Mayall, has become a minor musical deity, a competent rhythm section and pretty soul-belter who can do a good spade imitation. The latest of the British blues groups so conceived offers little that its twin, the Jeff Beck Group, didn't say as well or better three months ago, and the excesses of the Beck group's *Truth* album (most notably its self-indulgence and restrictedness), are fully in evidence on Led Zeppelin's debut album.

Jimmy Page, around whom the Zeppelin revolves, is, admittedly, an extraordinarily proficient blues guitarist and explorer of his instrument's electronic capabilities. Unfortunately, he is also a very limited producer and a writer of weak, unimaginative songs, and the Zeppelin album suffers from his having both produced it and written most of it (alone or in combination with his accomplices in the group).

The album opens with lots of guitar-

rhythm section exchanges (in the fashion of Beck's "Shapes of Things" on "Good Times Bad Times," which might have been ideal for a Yardbirds B-side. Here, as almost everywhere else on the album, it is Page's guitar that provides most of the excitement. "Babe I'm Gonna Leave You" alternates between prissy Robert Plant's howled vocals fronting an acoustic guitar and driving choruses of the band running down a four-chord progression while John Bonham smashes his cymbals on every beat. The song is very dull in places (especially on the vocal passages), very redundant, and certainly not worth the six-and-a-half minutes the Zeppelin gives it.

Two much-overdone Willie Dixon blues standards fail to be revived by being turned into showcases for Page and Plant. "You Shook Me" is the more interesting of the two—at the end of each line Plant's echo-chambered voice drops into a small explosion of fuzz-tone guitar, with which it matches shrieks at the end.

The album's most representative cut is "How Many More Times." Here a jazzy introduction gives way to a driving (albeit monotonous) guitar-dominated background for Plant's strained and unconvincing shouting (he may be as foppish as Rod Stewart, but he's nowhere near so exciting, especially in the higher registers). A fine Page solo then leads the band into what sounds like a backwards version of the Page-composed "Beck's Bolero," hence to a little snatch of Albert King's "The Hunter," and finally to an avalanche of drums and shouting.

In their willingness to waste their considerable talent on unworthy material the Zeppelin has produced an album which is sadly reminiscent of *Truth*. Like the Beck group they are also perfectly willing to make themselves a two- (or, more accurately, one-and-a-half) man show.

It would seem that, if they're to help fill the void created by the demise of Cream, they will have to find a producer (and editor) and some material worthy of their collective attention.

JOHN MENDELSON



Hawks and Doves, Passing Clouds (Pete S1106)

The Good Rats (Kapp KS 3580)

Hawks and Doves is a collection of pretty, easy, and generally non-uptight, songs. They're all nicely lyrical. Some of them make it, some don't.

The overall texture will cause it to be shunned by the hard rock purist, as it has Simon and Garfunkel. In a way, this may be a good thing. "The ugly can be beautiful, the pretty never can," said Gauguin, and there's no reason why this doesn't apply to rock. But in search of the beautiful, too many rock artists fail to attain the beauty and are left somewhere in the middle of ugliness.

Passing Clouds, a Detroit group with some following in that city, is a vocally centered group. All five of them sing, and their voices mesh very well. Joe

Fineman, the lead, has a versatile and distinctive voice. There's an easy jazz flavor to many of the songs, much in the manner, although not the style, of Mose Allison.

The instrumentation is refined, tight and never flashy. Steve Ross does some very nice piano work throughout the record. And Keith Stein's guitar which is off-again, on-again through many of the songs has one cut, "Eleanor," all to himself and does a fine job. He is definitely a jazz rather than rock guitarist.

All the songs are written by Ross and Fineman and some of them are really catchy. You can even go home humming the melody. Try that with Jimi Hendrix sometime. It's nice music to eat by or make love by or even both at once, if that's the way you like it. It's music for nice people.

Many light years from Passing Clouds are the Good Rats. They're hard and dirty and (worst of all) from New York. You'd swear that one of them looks like that rip-off artist from 10th and Avenue B who sold you a spoon of crank that turned out to be Starlac. Maybe he was.

No matter. The Good Rats make good music . . . very good. They're right behind the Rascals and the Velvet Underground, as far as New York groups go, which generally isn't too far outside of New York. New York, itself, permeates their music as much as in either of those other two groups.

They yell and scream like the fat mamacitas hanging out the third story windows. Their rap is as full of schmaltz and corn, just like every hustler from Yonkers to Far Rockaway. And they're really heavy . . . like New York.

Their sound is kind of traditional Rock & Roll, not terribly far removed from stuff that Alan Freed brought to the Brooklyn Fox, but updated. The ex-

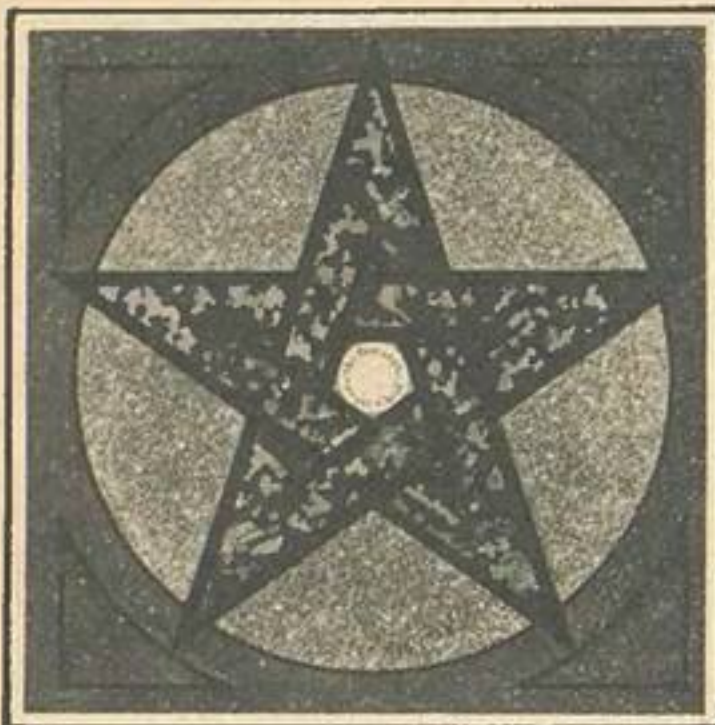
remely potent bass and lead singer, whose voice rarely falls below the threshold of pain, dominate the sound. But they've got some very fine horn arrangements and are just generally well put together. No loose ends.

Aside from their hard rock, they do one cut with horns and strings, a talking thing, emotion fraught, concerning the death of a father, the return of the prodigal son or some such thing. It can provoke genuine emotion or odious comparisons with the Shangri-Las, depending on your mood or makeup.

The Good Rats would be good to dance to, if people still danced. As it is, the best thing is to stand, very loaded, in front of a good stereo with the Rats at high volume until either of your eardrums or the woofer comes apart. The chances are about 50/50. But it'll be fun.

Both these groups are in the well-known position of being unknown outside their home turf. Both worth hearing and being known.

ALEC DUBRO



Sweet Child, the Pentangle (Reprise 2RS/6334)

This two-volume set by the Pentangle (Jansch, Renbourn, Cox, McShee and Thompson) is the overflowing fruition of their total harmonics and musicality. Rarely does any group combine pure, refined vocals with unexcelled instrumentation with neither detracting from the other in any way. The Incredible String Band is a viable exception—but they lack the female voice and the resulting soft yet rich tone/tempo "colors" the Pentangle achieve so easily. The kinds of colors that kites make as they dip into streams.

There are twenty-two cuts on the album and, of these, seven are instrumentals. The remainder being an amalgamation of many styles, moods and traditions. There are five traditional ballads, most featuring Jacqui McShee's vibrant vocal enchantment, that all-in-all remind one of Joan Baez' early ballad-based recordings. This is primarily evident in Jacqui's unaccompanied version of "So Early In The Spring." Jacqui is also featured on a Furry Lewis blues and on an "American Children's Christmas Song." The latter has an airy, calliope-sounding guitar accompaniment by John Renbourn. Bert Jansch solos on a song entitled "A Woman Like You," which he describes as "a cross between a love song and a black magic song." Terry Cox also has a solo effort entitled "Moon Dog" about a blind street musician—this is perhaps the "heaviest" song on the album.

Tight full-group items include "Market Song," a delectable piece that features fluid tempo/time switches and a crisp-as-light vocal by Jacqui. "In Your Mind" has a weird, hypnotic three-part vocal pattern and is a gem. "Sweet Child" is perhaps the fullest, most lyric cut on the album. The mingling overlay of voices and instruments here is the work of genius—it sounds like a band of elves dancing, twirling, singing in a rhythmic yet wrinkling wind of notes.

The instrumentals also vary but take most of their cues from classical/jazz themes. Two Charlie Mingus compositions "Haitian Fight Song" and "Good-bye Pork-Pie Hat" are done with the proper amount of tension. "I've Got A Feeling," though not credited, is an old Miles Davis tune, "Flamenco Sketches." "Three Dances" features Terry Cox on the glockenspiel in three short, classical pieces. John and Bert work out sensually on "No Exit" and develop a counter-point theme with artistry on "Three Part Thing." Two group instrumentals are also included.

Quite a collage, one might respond. Yet there are no divisive or distracting elements here—each song/instrumental leads lyrically into the next. Yet each is somehow different, for the Pentangle is one of few groups in possession of

the vocal and instrumental alacrity and flexibility to enable them to avoid repetition.

GARY VON TERSCH



The Family That Plays Together, Spirit (Ode Z12 44014)

The second Spirit album, like the first, is a wide-ranging exploration of the rock universe. Jazz, classical, country, blues and plain old rock all contribute to Spirit's sound. The group has matured since their first album. They now play with a lot more confidence, and are a lot less inclined to be cerebral. With less notes, they say more. And a good yera on the road has turned Jay Ferguson, the boyish voice on the first album, into a first-class lead singer.

Ferguson also continues to impress as a songwriter. Three superb examples of his work are grouped together on Side 1, beginning with "Poor Richard." Here a clever bit of social commentary is humorously cloaked in Dylanesque metaphors, to the accompaniment of a murderous bass riff. "Silky Sam" is even better. Ferguson's portrait of a card sharp is full of surprises yet highly memorable. The writing and arrangement come about as close as one can to the Beatles' idiom without copying their style, and this time calls out the group's finest playing as well.

Guitarist Randy California makes a substantially greater contribution to this album than to the first one. He wrote or co-wrote five of the songs, and sings four (including the single, "I Got a Line on You"). His writing tends to be very simple, rooted in folk music; his lyrics especially have a unique innocence that makes a neat foil for Ferguson's clever creations. The most unpretentious of all is quite likely the best: "Darlin' If." California wrote this in 1965 for an electric group, the Red Roosters, which was really the first incarnation of Spirit, containing four of its present five members. The combination of country simplicity and modern sock-rock rhythm represents an evolution remarkably like what happened with the band from Big Pink 3,000 miles away. Randy doesn't quite have full control of his big voice yet, but his guitar break on this track is the best example of understatement I've heard yet.

California has some other epochal guitar breaks on this album as well. The one on "Poor Richard" is the most spectacular demonstration yet of his unique feedback technique. "It Shall Be," a jazz samba, has a very smooth chorus of Wes Montgomery-type octaves. "All The Same," and "Aren't You Glad" show his blues-rock chops to great advantage.

Since improvisation is so much a part of Spirit's sound, it's a bit of a jolt not to have much soloing from the other instruments on this album. But John Locke has a beautiful bit of impressionistic piano on "Drunkard," and Mark Andes' bass is splendidly wicked on "Silky Sam." Ed Cassidy does have one. As on the first album, producer Lou Adler has brought in the veteran arranger-conductor Marty Paich to add strings and brass. The strings on "Darlin' If" and the brass on "Aren't You Glad" underscore the group's playing quite pleasantly without getting in the way.

"It Shall Be" doesn't fare as well; the group's sound, including the vocal and the guitar solo, gets swallowed up in Paich's attempt to create a super-lush texture that's hardly needed. And on both this and "Drunkard" we have to bear with flute solos, a la "California Dreamin'," which are very nice but ain't Spirit. Other than that, Adler's production is admirable. A couple of songs

Spirit has a unique combination of imagination and taste—the ability to create fresh sounds, plus a keen feeling for proportion. They always manage to be beautiful without being plastic, and to be strong without being ugly. To my ears this album consistently satisfies without satiating, and serves as a great

antidote to many of today's excesses. It should go a ways toward re-establishing L.A.'s (Lou Adler's? Los Angeles's?) relevance on the rock scene.

BARRET HANSEN



Born to Be, Melanie (Buddah BDS-5024)

The Marble Index, Nico (Elektra 74029)

Melanie reflects the confusion of an adolescent situation with much detail and little mercy. Every premature fear, longing, horror, suspicion, aversion, and sometime smidgeon of joy is given its due at some point. And each in turn evokes in the listener a stirring of cobwebbed recognition, but it's like looking in a convex lens. The response doesn't fit the anguished cry.

Because somehow you can't really feel sorry for Melanie. She arouses pity; but the damn posturing of her situation (she's 22, not 15) gets in the way of honest reaction. When she's not busy being Streisand, Temple, Garland and Buffy St. Marie with a little Gracie Allen thrown in on the side, and when she concentrates on being Melanie, she can really get to you. Like on "Mamma, Mamma," for instance, or "Bo Bo's Party." Her voice, her lyrics, her guitar all work for her to produce a tight unit of action and reaction.

The entourage of imitations present on so many other cuts, however, is a royal pain—the catch in her throat, purposely ungrammatical phrasings, childish Brook-

If Lost Return to 1929

seeing how tight
your police can get
I understand
the snowman
has pulled down
all the blinds

egyptian girl
how hard
your silence is . . .

through your laughter
night winds blow leaves

/the House leaks memories.

days die,
withering without any sun . . .
John Urban

lynesque drawl. You can catch her, sometimes, enjoying herself for real, minus the sticky Christopher Robin pose (midway into "Animal Crackers" for example), but it's almost as if she catches herself at the same moment you do and slips back into Kiddieland before you can be sure she's left it.

How refreshing then, you feel, it will be to turn to Nico, whom you presume has been everywhere, seen it all, and is not about to react with grief-stricken pleas for help with any part of it. As a matter of fact, she doesn't react with anything. To anything.

The Marble Index is hardly rock, though it exhibits sound trips that have found their way onto many a rock record—electronic chamber music, various sound effects, instrumental Gregorian chant. It's mood music, with an obscure and elusive text recited over it.

Along about the next to the last song on the first side ("Ari's Song"), you begin to develop a faint suspicion that perhaps the words are not what's important after all. The harder you try to hold them (like the natural state of affairs with things in conflict in the universe), the more easily they escape. Once you're on to this, you're home free, and side two is a really worthwhile venture into

musical infinity (or at least a try at it). It's mood, escape, consciousness, unconsciousness, vacuity, yes, Wonderland.

Man is, after all, highly susceptible to moods, as anyone who's ever fingered a few elementary chords on piano or guitar can attest. What remains to be seen is whether both Nico and Melanie can get beyond the fingering stage to a valid (for Melanie), consistent and believable (for Nico) realization of the moods that they've established. Nico seems to be running far ahead . . . unless, of course, you're one of those Who Think Young.

ANNE MARIE MICKLO



Shake! The Siegel-Schwall Band (Vanguard 79289)

In a more innocent (or at least a different) time, the Siegel-Schwall Band might be fun to listen to—in the same way that it has been fun to listen to the Keweenaw Jug Band, for example. One major thing the latter group has had going for it has been the lack of competition from what we might call "authentic" (whatever that means) sources: after all, the Negro jug band scene, such as it was, represented only a very brief vogue of the late Twenties, and that was it. As a result, we can enjoy Keweenaw's good-timey music making today simply because we have nothing contemporary with which to compare it and with which it will come off second best.

Like many another similarly-oriented band, Siegel-Schwall (and bassist Jack Dawson and drummer Russ Chadwick) have the instrumental thing down pretty well. The ensemble sound is occasionally very fine indeed—as, for examples, on "Louise," "My Starter Won't Start" (particularly behind the Siegel harmonica solo) and "Rain Falling Down," easily the most interesting arrangement on the album, though the same cannot be said for either the lyrics or the singing—and the quartet is tight, together and, as a rule, unambitiously successful. Schwall has developed into a much more disciplined—meaning less busy—guitarist than he once was, and some of his backup work is quite good. In any event, his solo lines seem more focused. Siegel's a fine pianist whose punctuations lend a great deal of interest to the band's work. Dawson and Chadwick hold their own, though it must be admitted that much of the band's work is very predictable (the same is true, too, of many black blues bands); once a pattern has been established by the rhythm section it stays there almost inflexibly throughout the performance. While not terribly imaginative, the band's ensemble work is at least solid and direct and, personally, I prefer a simpler, stronger backup style like Siegel-Schwall's to the overambitious, frantic style proffered by a number of white blues bands. I'm just saying that Siegel-Schwall could be a bit more imaginative and flexible in rhythmic work.

The matter on which the album founders completely, however, is the singing, for both Corky Siegel and Jim Schwall are exponents of the John Hammond, Jr.—or mock-tough—school of blues vocalizing. In this approach (somewhat akin to inept Actors Studio or "method" style), syllables and sometimes whole words are swallowed, mispronounced and, in general, gratuitously distorted in an attempt to approximate what the vocalist assumes are the speech patterns and inflections of uneducated Negro fieldhands. The tensions that are set up when this vocal pose comes into conflict (as it so often does) with the young white singer's normal speech and inflectional patterns lend no end of interest and humor to the proceedings. Though it must be admitted that this taking of pleasure from another's misfortune is at least aberrant, at worst perverse, behavior, there are a number of listeners who admit to liking the singing of Hammond, Siegel, Schwall and others of the mock-tough school. But, then, there's no accounting for you-know-what.

PETE WELDING

Letters

—Continued from Page 4

printing so many lies, misquotations, mistruths, distortion of facts as here.

Nobody cares about Frank Zappa; nobody listens to him except himself; no one cares about the GTO's.

You could have done something groovy but instead gave up halfway through and settled for a cheap sensationalistic approach—that's not journalism and certainly not worthy of ROLLING STONE.

Hopefully this article will pass away unread into oblivion and you can redeem yourself in the next issue. Just remember that the *truth* is the most important thing you can write.

GENIE (THE TAILOR) FRANKLIN
LOS ANGELES

P.S. If you had wanted to know the facts and the truth about many of the situations glossed over in the article, all you had to do was ask.

SIRS:

The ROLLING STONE article on the Groupies was an act of capitalist prostitution on the struggles and hardships of these people. My people. Sure it was true, but the format and advertising was strictly out of a True Confession Magazine.

We chose this life because there really wasn't any choice, and it's the only one we could have made.

So hey you, you *better* stay off my cloud.

ISABEL
NEW YORK

SIRS:

People here are getting a little crazy with the rain. Getting even with one another for imaginary transgressions: i.e., fag neighbor kicks fag poodle on morning walk. I can dig washing down the streets, but not our living room rug. We've got the buckets out and newspaper and towels and fear the ceiling could come down on us at any time.

Informed drunken commie landlord in not very friendly manner that I won't pay \$135 a month for flooded apartment. "Fuck Czechoslovakia," he says to me. Next day we come home and landlord says defiantly, "Well, here are the roofers." Am introduced to two 75-year-old party members who go into Keystone Kops routine, falling off ladders and knocking over pails.

Jeanie goes to bed for remainder of day (a trick learned from dear friend in S. Calif.) Leaking stops over new stereo system. Stop—go to new position over couch. She may never get out of bed again. Nor I into it. I accept the responsibility.

I don't question rain and people who call up on the telephone. Question game: When you play sax, do groupies come on to you? Are you in the Plaster Casters shoebox? Witchi tai to???

ARTHUR DE PORTOLA
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

I must say I usually enjoy your newspaper very much, and that it gets passed around the younger members of the office after I buy it. With your article on Groupies, however, you seem to have hit a low of some sort in interesting reporting. If this developing life style I keep hearing about is a pack of chubbily promiscuous teen-age whores, forget it. Your Plaster Casters?—two fat cunts, two bullshit girls who seem to be a little hung up in the head.

I might also add that I am not too hung up over your Jorma's threatening to carve his initials in some pig's ass (since even the motorcycle gangs in Jersey have been doing that for years), as much as I am over Jorma's whipping out a switchblade at all.

RICH SZATHMARY
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Me and a buddy of mine were recently on our way to a rehearsal at a suburban country club where we were scheduled to gig that night. On the way up there we were chased by two beautiful girls. Wondering what the hell was going on we motioned them closer and lo and behold they were holding copies of your groupie issue. They told us they were practicing to be professional groupies and wanted to practice on us.

We accepted. Baby, I envy the professionals because this was the best lay I ever had. *Hail to the junior groupies.*

MICK AND SAL
N.Y.C.

SIRS:

Three thoughts on reading your Groupie story:

1) It'll be a pretty exceptional office or factory worker who'll want to marry these "sexually adventurous" girls!

2) If Frank Zappa thinks they're so groovy, how come his songs are such putdowns?

3) Frank Zappa has the soul of a pimp!

TONY FLEMING
CHICAGO

SIRS:

I have just read your February 15 issue on the Groupies and I want to vomit. Not on ROLLING STONE because all you have done is hold up a mirror to Pop and the whole cult which has evolved around it. And I don't even want to vomit on Pop or the cult because they are just a reflection of our civilization.

I just want to vomit and vomit and vomit. Then I want to join the Motherfuckers, make lots of bombs and blow up everything. Or maybe it would be better to just pray that there is a Dr. Strangelove plotting somewhere on the face of this earth. Let's wish him luck. I'm sorry but LSD and hash aren't strong enough anymore to keep all this shit down.

RICHARD LEE
LONDON

SIRS:

Well, I hate to blow the scene on the GTO's, but as they were the ones who made it an issue, I feel it only fair to present that inevitable other side. This is not necessarily scandal-mongering, nor is it meant necessarily for publication. I leave it to your discretion (not meaning I'm playing some sort of ego game; I mean even if the letter is acceptable for publication a certain amount of further consideration perhaps should be given).

I have never seen any of the GTO's ball another chick but I have been told that one or two of them are gay. Who told me? One of them. It may or may not have been a put-on, except they seemed rather heavy on the point that they aren't.

And belaboring the question (is it? who cares?) seems foolish to me. If you're gay and in the entertainment hype scene and don't want the word out and around, you keep it cool. If you don't care if anyone knows you do your bit whenever and wherever and fuck the world. If you aren't and don't want people to think you are, it's rather a dumb-dumb to rap it on down. Being gay I know the multitudinous games my compatriots play—or don't play.

Even if none of them are betty-bulldykes (who cares?) they manage somehow to have a predominantly gay entourage of cats. In some circles they would be known as faghags. In fact, in some circles they are known as faghags. (The BTO's, another Zappa creation before the FBI got too close to one of them, was exclusively gay.) One of them is my best friend... if that means anything. Well, to each his or her Dulcinea.

I have known Miss Mercy (it used to be just Mercy) for about two years. I, too, lived in, on and around Haight for three years. My best memories of Mercy are of her screaming down Haight in her best Valkyrie screech, dressed

in a long black gown (this was before she evolved into her current Madama Grimaldi Gypsy Freak phase—my title) petrifying/amazing/blowing minds with a shrieking "SPEEEEEED!" That was, of course, when she was strung-out on speed. Name the drug and she's been gaga on it.

I, too, moved to Los Angeles to get away from San Francisco's aura of despair, speed, smack and gun/knife/\$5 murder freaks. Once here I saw Mercy and the GTO's several times, once in rehearsal. It's true. They can't carry a tune, bucket or no bucket.

If I was to badmouth the GTO's on an objective, impersonal level it would be thus: they are the ultimate Teeny-Bops. The words "truth" and "illusion" do not exist in their vocabulary, although the words don't exactly have to. To freak higher and higher (if that's possible) seems to be their collective goals, along with Fame! Wealth! Glory! Sexy Slim Cats! In other words, Teeny-boy Tinsel Land. Carnivals are great, but eventually they move on, junk shops are emptied, thrift shops become tacky and freaky times become a drag. Oh, well, I wish them luck and hope they find their own personal Disneyland.

My most important riff, though, is where is Miss Lucy?? (I now live in Venice and avoid the internal L.A. groovy times section; Miss Lucy was one of the original GTO's if not the original.) Of them all, she was/is my fave-rave!

Miss Lucy? Where are you? What happened?

DON HIEMFORTH
VENICE, CALIF.

We are planning to do more about groupies—possibly in the form of a book—and we would like to hear from any groupies who were left out and would like to be counted in this time. Or from anybody who knows about somebody we left out. Or anybody with an information on groupies, groupie culture, groupie society or whatever we left out. Go ahead. Super duper neat treatment guaranteed.

COME Comes

—Continued from Page 12

munity Councils and Community Action Groups who, in turn, will offer the enrollment opportunities to students from minority groups and ghetto areas.

In addition to the seminars and workshops, COME will provide two dance/concerts and a series of general lectures to be held at night. The dance/concerts and lectures (on such subjects as like "The History of African Music" and "The Social Significance of Rock") will be free and open to everyone.

The opening celebration, June 8th, will be particularly festive, with a contemporary dance troupe gambling across the Mills College greensward, while two rock and two jazz bands perform simultaneously at different locations, and the Raphael Garret Musical Circus passes out horns for everybody to blow. "It will have the feeling of a Renaissance happening," Carlile grins, "and it should clear the air."

The success of COME will determine the future of the parent College of Contemporary Music, which is at present brimming with volunteer musicians/

teachers, but has only limited resources. "If the foundations and the music industry really get behind the idea," says Carlile, "we'll maybe be able to get our own campus. That's what we really need."

Students interested in enrolling—or anyone who'd like to lay some bread on COME—can reach the SF College of Contemporary Music at 357 Grove street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102, or phone 415-861-0142.

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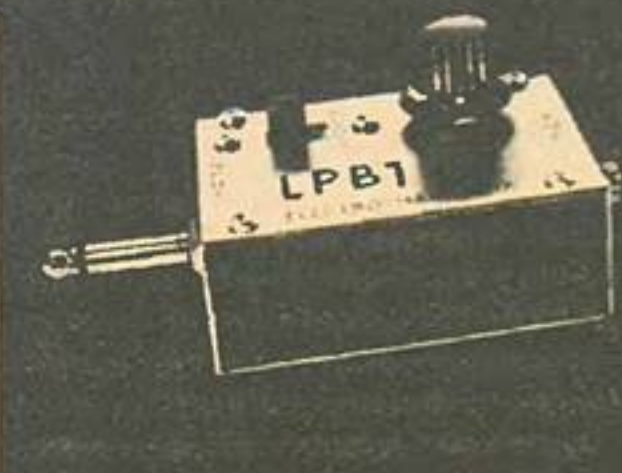
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